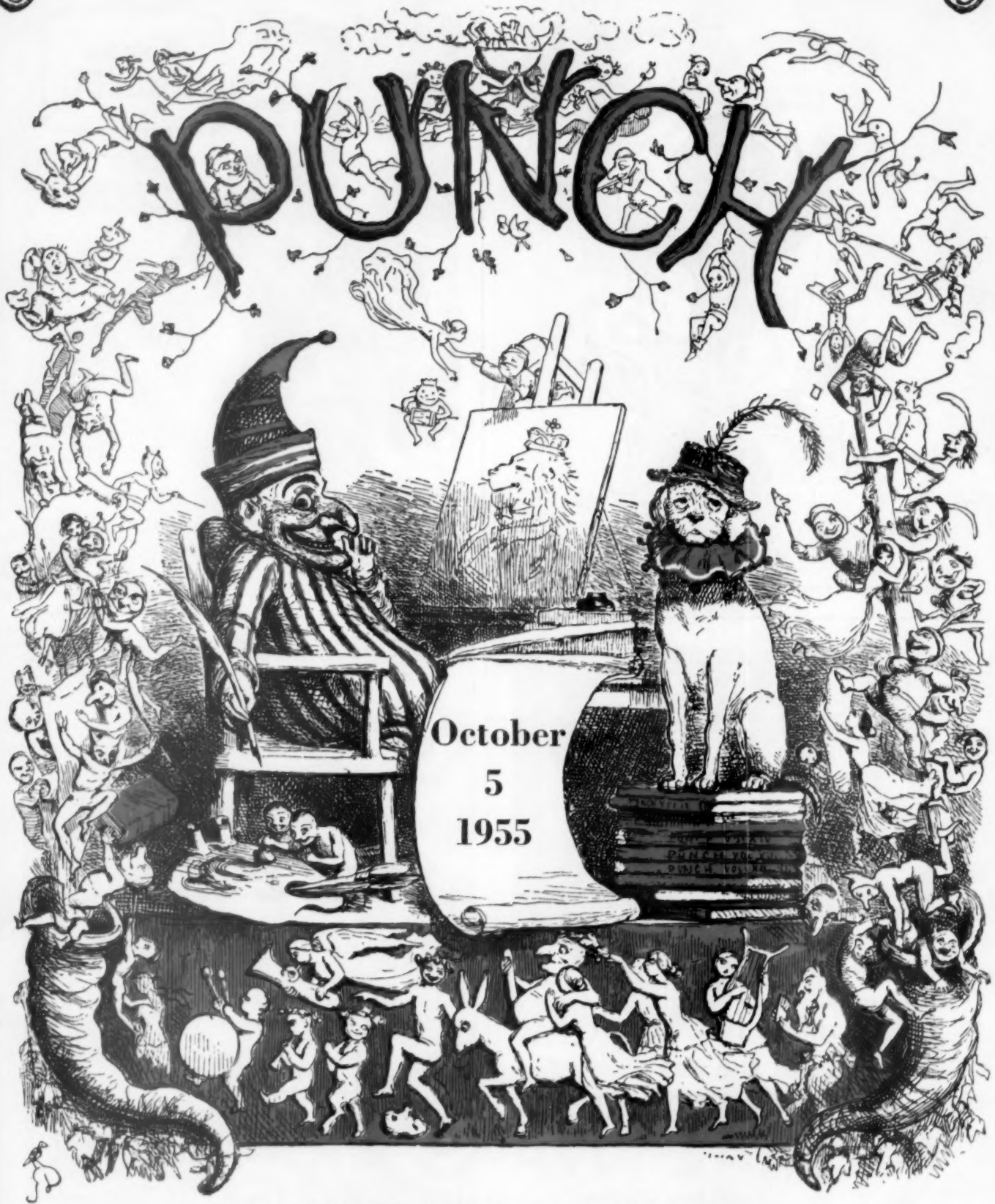


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—October 5 1955

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4.

Sharps
the word for *Toffee*

Sir Creamy Knut

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD., OF MAIDSTONE, KENT. "The Toffee Specialists"

5748-3

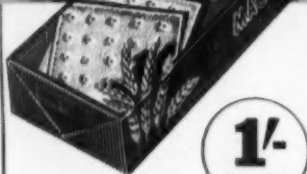
**Give me
NUGGET**

"NUGGET"
DARK BROWN
(DARK TAN) STAIN
SHOE POLISH
RESTORES THE COLOUR
WITH A
BRILLIANT SHINE
"NUGGET"

IT OUTSHINES ALL OTHERS
NUGGET BLACK IS BLACKER
THE NEW DARK BROWN IS RICHER



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children love its
nutty flavour at
TEATIME



1/-
PER PKT.

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Britain's Finest Crispbread

MCVITTIE & PRICE LTD., MAKERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS DIGESTIVE (SWEET MEAL) BISCUITS
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tobacco
that counts**

that's why ...

*Player's
Please*



[DCC 548]

The Rolls-Royce way to Stockholm, Oslo and Copenhagen



He writes apologies to Giovanni and Punch.



Non-stop and fastest by BEA Viscount

When you fly BEA to the Northern Capitals, they really put down the red carpet for you. You fly non-stop and fastest in the wonderful Viscount, powered by its four Rolls-Royce engines. You enjoy admirable food and drink. You have both steward and stewardess at your service. Flying BEA Viscount is a new experience in air travel. Which is why Lord Strathalmond, Chairman of the British Petroleum Company, said, after a recent flight, "I could not have wished for anything

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Kent for hops... but 'Yorkshire' for Insurance

All the world knows that it's Kent for hops. For insurance the World and His Wife choose the Yorkshire Insurance Company, which today is rendering a service to communities in all parts of the world, fostering progress... establishing confidence. All types of modern insurance are transacted by this old established Company and it will certainly be to your advantage to consult the "Yorkshire" branch office in your area to bring your insurance requirements up-to-date. ★

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The YORKSHIRE INSURANCE Company Ltd

Chief Offices: St. Helen's Square, York and 66/67 Cornhill, London, E.C.3
Branches and Agencies throughout the world

★ For instance—the 'Everyman's' Accident Policy which provides £10 per week for 100 weeks if you are totally disabled in an accident. A lump sum of up to £2,000 is payable in the event of certain permanent injuries or death. The cost is little — it ensures a good deal!

Economy motoring in style...

WITH THE "PENNY-A-MILE"

RENAULT '750'

- A 4-door saloon (sliding roof if required) with ample room for 4 adults within the wheelbase.
- Top speed well over 60 m.p.h.; average petrol consumption .50 m.p.g. ('The Autocar' test).
- Independent 4-wheel suspension gives superb roadholding.
- Amazingly manoeuvrable; slips through traffic like quicksilver and can be parked almost as easily as a pram.
- Removable cylinder liners with replacement sets of pistons and liners at £7.15s.0d. (Labour costs saved).
- Heater, demister and radiator blind fitted at no extra cost.



Contact our nearest agent for a demonstration ride and let the 750's performance speak for itself.

RENAULT LTD., WESTERN AVENUE, LONDON, W.3. SHOWROOMS: 21 PALL MALL, S.W.1
Manufacturers in Great Britain since 1899. Distributors throughout the United Kingdom,
all of whom carry full stocks of spare parts. (392)



Everybody looks up to
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY



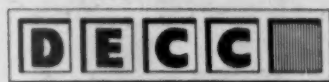
Think of a letter...



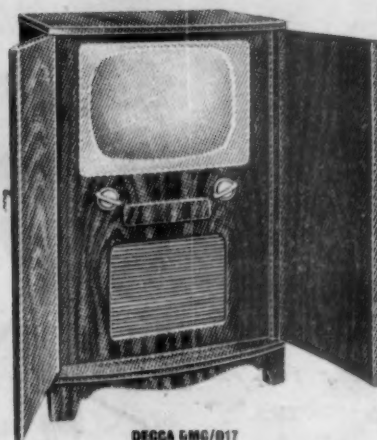
double it...



add **D** for Dependability... and **E** for Efficiency...



and finally **A** for Appearance...

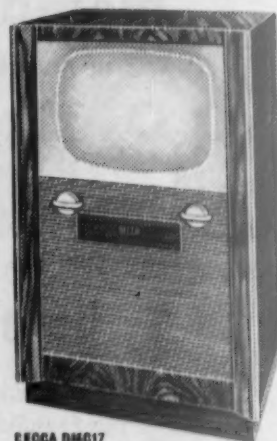


DECCA GNC/D17

17-inch 18-valve superheterodyne 12-channel console model with doors. Turret tuning and automatic anti-fade control. 10-inch speaker. Finished in walnut. For AC mains, 200/250v. 50 c/s., or DC mains, 200/250v.: 100 GNS. Tax paid.
Also GNC/D18 with VHF/FM radio: 100 GNS. Tax paid.

The panel of experts all agree

... that where TV reception is concerned, Decca has every clue and presents the perfect answer in a wonderful range of multi-channel sets. Whether the 14- or 17-inch screen best suits your budget and your viewing-room, the picture is brilliant, unwavering, and richly detailed. All the latest circuit improvements are there to secure your uninterrupted enjoyment of I.T.A. as well as B.B.C. transmissions ... and remember Decca offers terms spread over 12, 18 or 24 months.



DECCA DMC17

Console model with 17-inch tube. 12-channel turret tuning and automatic anti-fade control. 8-inch speaker. Finished in walnut. For AC mains, 200/250v. 50 c/s., or DC mains, 200/250v.: 87 GNS. Tax paid.



DECCA VHF/FM RADIOGRAMOPHONES

DECCA RB103 De-luxe 4-waveband (VHF, short, medium, long) radiogramophone. Garrard 3-speed auto-changer. Decca 5000 magnetic pick-up heads with sapphire stylus. High fidelity 5-valve amplifier. 10-inch bass and 2 treble speakers. Cabinet finished in walnut. Record storage space. For AC mains, 200/250 volts or 100/125 volts, 50 c/s. 165 GNS. Tax paid.
RB100 with 2 speakers. 79 GNS. Tax paid.

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POST COUPON to DECCA RADIO & TELEVISION, 1-3 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9 for fully illustrated leaflet of all Decca TV models and VHF/FM radiogramophones with details of hire purchase terms.
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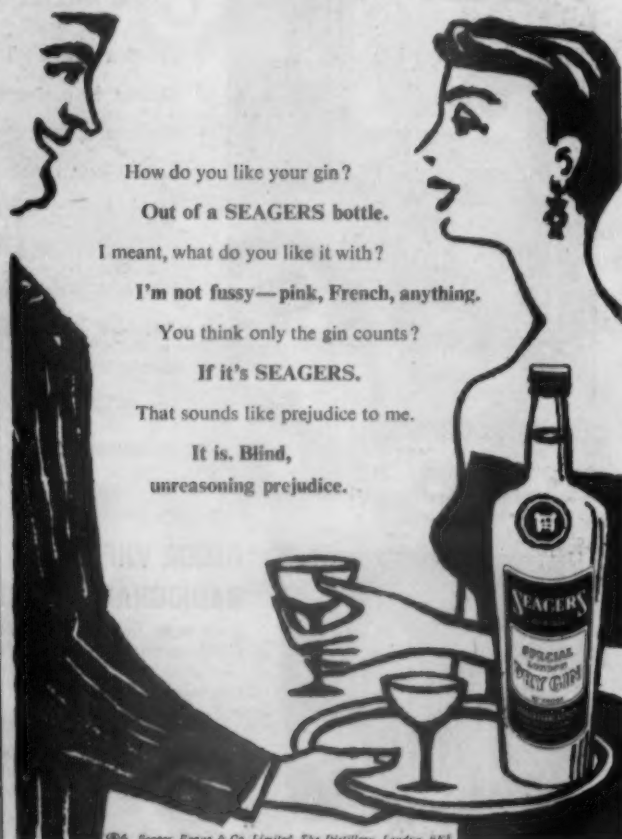
An Osram lamp
is mother's treasure
Her well-lit home's
a constant pleasure



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THE WONDERFUL LAMP

A GEC product. The General Electric Co. Ltd.

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How do you like your gin?

Out of a SEAGERS bottle.

I meant, what do you like it with?

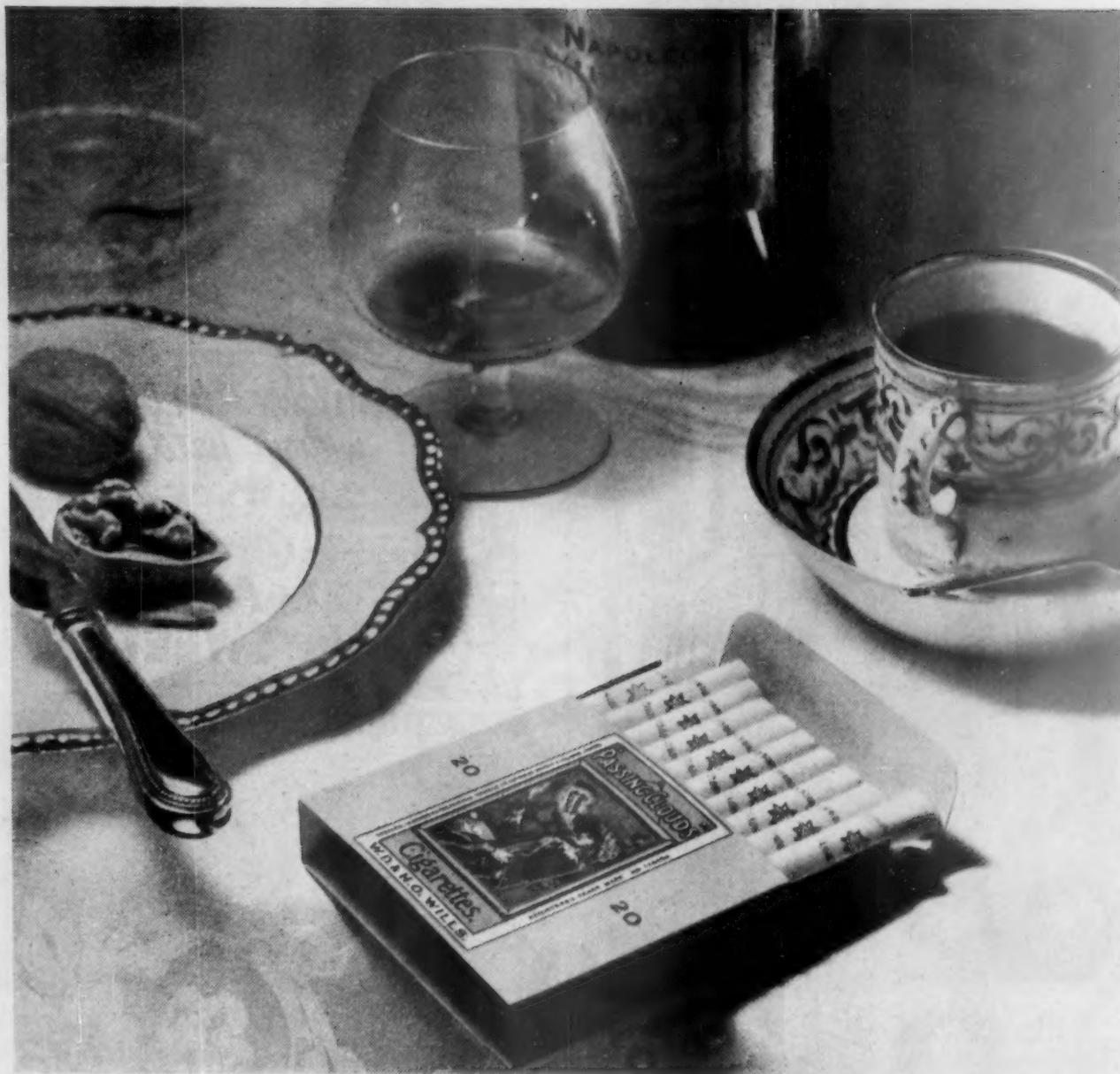
I'm not fussy—pink, French, anything.

You think only the gin counts?

If it's SEAGERS.

That sounds like prejudice to me.

It is. Blind,
unreasoning prejudice.



PASSING CLOUDS

20 for 4s. 2d.
100 for 20s. 10d.

Made by W. D. & H. O. Wills

... not a cigarette you get offered in everybody's house, by any means;
but how gratifying when you are! For Passing Clouds,
ever since 1874, have been made for people who prefer a
Virginian-flavoured cigarette, but who demand of it distinction,
an oval shape, and —of course— superb quality.

WFO 12

Wyncol fabric was selected in preference to any other material by Sir John Hunt and his fellow climbers of Mount Everest. Months later, 29 miles high on the icy, desolate slopes, Wyncol more than proved its worth to that tiny band of tired but gallant men. And now, beautifully styled and finely fashioned by Flintwear, Everest conquering Wyncol is available for you...



Out and about in all weathers, whether blowing a gale, blinding with snow or blazing hot? Then Flintwear is definitely *your* wear. Thanks to wonderful Wyncol, here are garments lovely to look at, yet with *severely* practical outlook on life—garments high on the list of high fashion, yet *weatherproof beyond belief*.

Take your choice from Golf Jackets, Anoraks or Parkas (with trousers to suit, if you need them)—all of them skilfully, generously cut for elegance, freedom of movement and all-weather protection. And take your choice from the widest possible range of wonderful colours, and sizes as well. See Flintwear for yourself today (or write for a free leaflet illustrating the complete range) and you'll be a Flintwear-comfort-convert for life.

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Fashioned for active people out of doors

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Buy an ALLEN
and do the job
properly



2 sizes
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*Keep your lawn trim & tidy -
without hard work!*



The Allen Garden Sweeper, introduced a year ago, is now accepted as an essential for the garden.

With the Allen, leaf sweeping, once a long and wearying job, becomes a quick and pleasant one. The Allen is so easy to use and to empty and when not in use will hang flat against a wall.

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Order one today from your Ironmonger or Agricultural Dealer, or, in case of difficulty, write to the Manufacturers, Dept. F.

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Grant's*




Welcome Always - Keep it Handy

Grant's
MORELLA

CHERRY BRANDY

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**"It's
stating
the
obvious
but..."**

In my view you **MUST** cook by gas. Why? Because only gas gives instant control".

With gas, you can get *any* variation of temperature by the turn of a tap. This finger-tip control is essential when cooking milk dishes, sauces, grills and fried foods. That is why eight out of every ten housewives cook by gas.

Gas cookers offer you fine value for money: there are dozens of designs from which to choose; they give you the most generous cooking space; and there is no Purchase Tax to pay. See the elegant, colourful new cookers at your local gas showroom.



Mr. Therm's hire purchase terms make them easy to buy.



GAS—to be sure

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE **BEST** USE OF THE NATION'S COAL

ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

Say "NOILLY PRAT"
and your 'French'
will be perfect!

Here's why you'll prefer it —

- ★ Everything the French know in the growing of grapes and blending of wines — is lavished on Noilly Prat.
- ★ Not a drop is bottled until the wine is fully matured — at least five years.
- ★ The unique 'French' tang of Noilly Prat is obtained by the traditional maceration of herbs and flowers, not by short-cut infusions.



★ Noilly Prat is still bottled in France in the traditional large vermouth bottle.

**NOILLY
PRAT**

Try this neat test —

SHORT NOILLY PRAT
—mix with a neat of lemon peel squeezed into and then dropped into the vermouth.

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—two fingers of Noilly Prat, add ice, top with soda.

by insisting on Gin and Noilly Prat you ensure getting
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The connoisseur will smoke a

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*All the way
to the Sunshine*



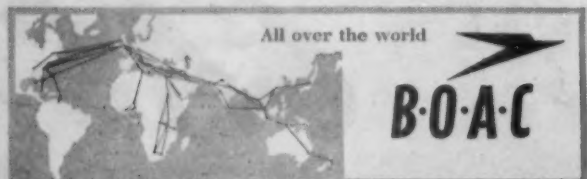
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good care of you*



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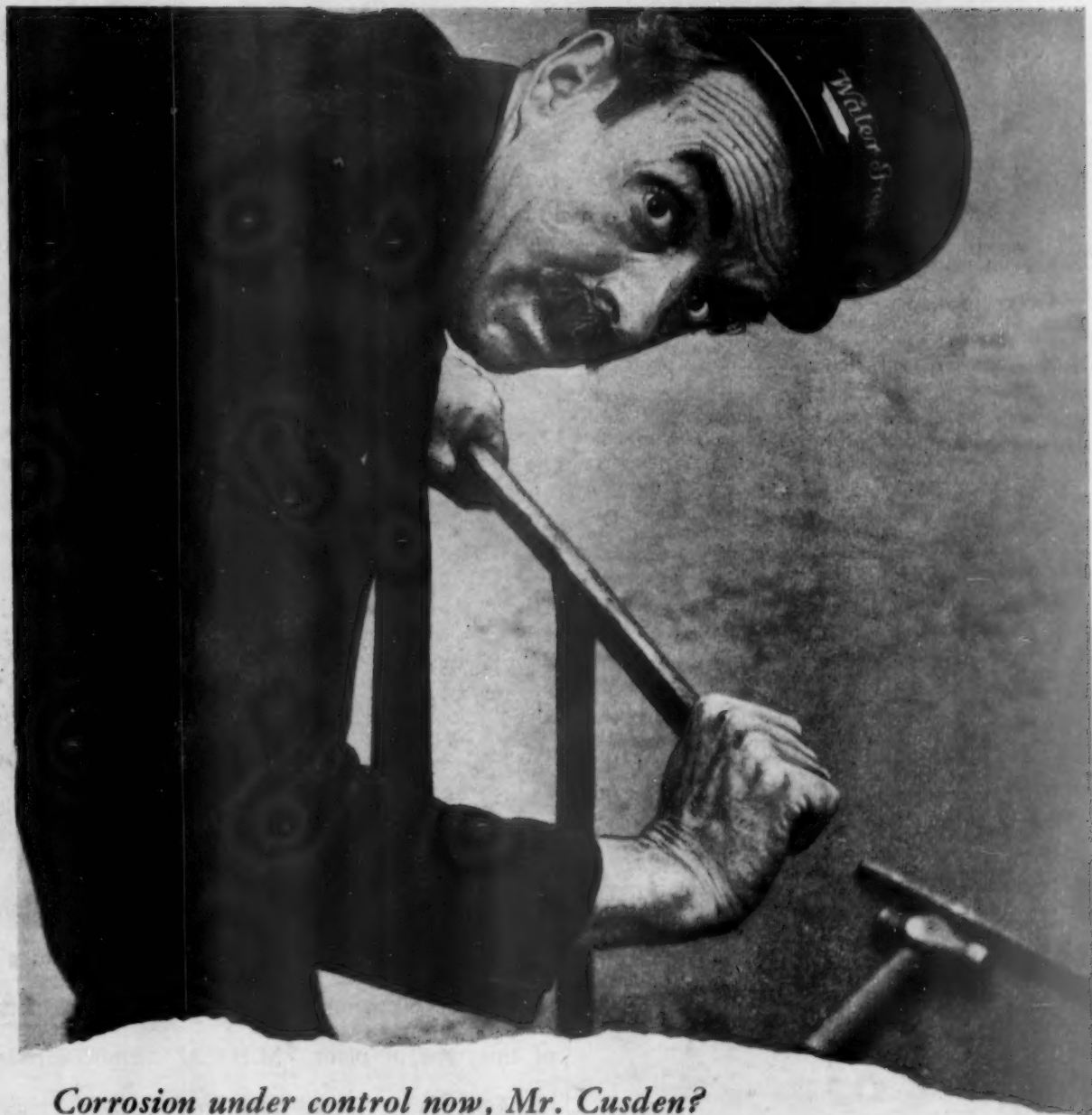
Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or any B.O.A.C. office.
And ask about the Ticket Instalment Plan.



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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION



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Many waters in the natural state have a corrosive effect on iron and steel pipes. As a result, the flow of water in supply mains and industrial equipment is often restricted, pipes damaged and heating and cooling systems made inefficient. The addition to the water of a few parts per million of Albright & Wilson's CALGON will usually prevent or strictly limit these corrosive effects—and will stop 'red' water. The cost of applying this 'Threshold Treatment' is insignificant compared with the direct and indirect financial savings to water undertakings and industrial concerns.

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Chemicals for Industry

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YOUR JOB...**

**...“I'm in the
Entertainment
Business.”**

The entertainment of the people is very big business nowadays. The charm of the Victorian drawing room has succumbed to the competition of radio and television, national sporting events and indoor and outdoor amusement in all its forms.

As the use of machines provides more leisure for the workers so will the mass production of entertainment grow and new ideas will be born.

Martins Bank serves the entertainment industry in every field and with its policy of decentralisation enables expert examination and quick decisions to be given over financial problems in which the aid of the Bank is sought.

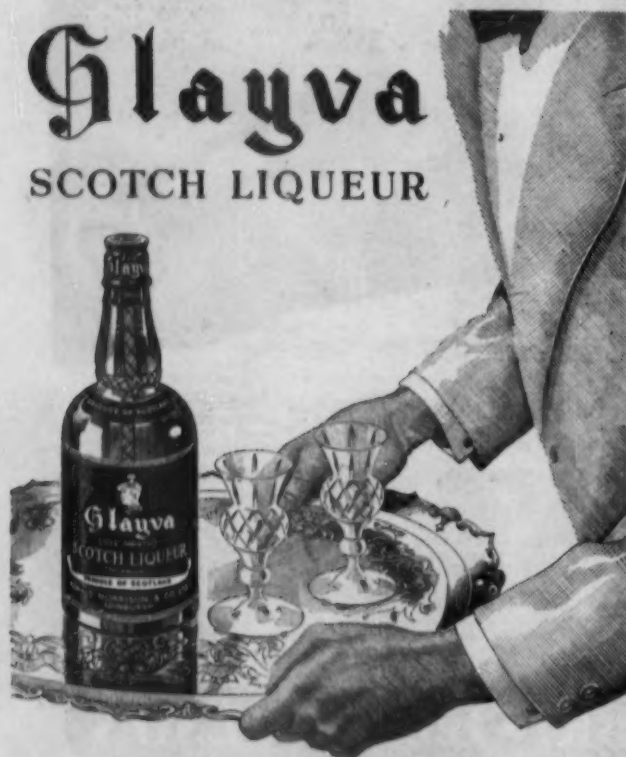


MARTINS BANK LIMITED

Principal London Office: 68 Lombard St., E.C.3
HEAD OFFICE: WATER ST., LIVERPOOL, 2.

Total Assets (at 30th June 1955): £350,928,759

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everywhere**

There is scarcely any branch of industry into which the problems of manual or mechanical handling do not arise. The mechanical handling industry has expanded to such proportions that it is now recognised as an integral part of the economic life of the Nation.

The Mechanical Handling Engineers' Association represents this ever-growing industry, as it includes amongst its 60 members the leading manufacturers of this type of plant. M.H.E.A. membership is made up of experienced Engineers, and their service is at your disposal.

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TO GET TO HER OFFICE SHE GOES TO SEA



MISS D. W. MACAIRE, Stenographer aboard the P & O Steamship, Chusan.

WHAT a charming smile! May I have six tuppenny ha'p'ny stamps, two fourpennies and a shilling one? And have you any nice foreign stamps for my little boy? Or, look, you people must get all sorts of mail, do you think you could save a few for me? Thank you. And could you tell me what time we dock at Bombay, I wonder? Oh, was that the dinner gong? Goodness. I must rush. I'll come back again tomorrow.

Still smiling miss? Here are a dozen more enquiries . . . Six Marconigrams . . . a list of victualling stores to copy . . . the crew's National Insurance Record to check . . . an arrival passenger manifest to type. And the Captain wants to dictate some letters. Still smiling? Of course, for you are Miss D. W. Macaire, Stenographer aboard the P & O Steamship, CHUSAN. You are young, you are trained; you love your job and the people you meet. What's more you are proud to know that the ship needs you—and the P & O ships are a Commonwealth lifeline.

Operating from 122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company links Britain and Britons with the Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Australia, Malaya and the Far East.



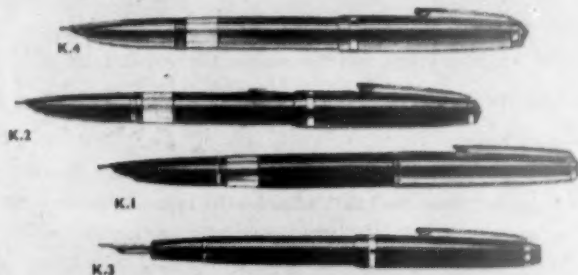
At last, a really sensational pen
at a sensible price . . .

the *New*
Onoto!

... with all the worthwhile
features that millions
of users have proved in practice!



A pen for maximum efficiency at modest cost; for writing faster . . . more smoothly . . . for longer. A pen you'll fill more easily with more ink than you'd think possible. Brilliantly new in every practical way, with "piston-action" for simple, speedy filling, "constant-feed" for smooth "write-at-a-touch" action, transparent ink-level indicator and an iridium-tipped 14-carat gold nib, the NEW Onoto is a pen as good as only Britain's most experienced fountain pen manufacturers can make it.



K.4. Large-capacity reservoir, "piston-action" filling visible ink-supply, hooded 14-carat gold nib. The ideal pen for the junior user. Price 25/-

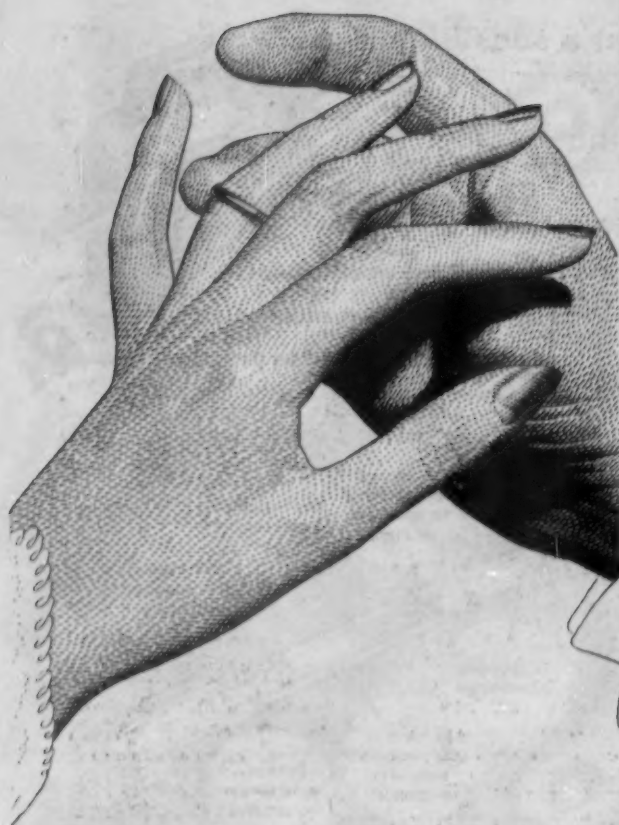
K.2. With "piston-action" filling, ink-level indicator, big-capacity reservoir, iridium-tipped, 14-carat gold nib and push-on cap. Price 42/-

K.1. The perfect presentation pen with "piston-action" filling, visible ink-supply, 14-carat gold nib and rolled-gold, push-on cap. Price 57/6

K.3. The ideal pen for those of more conventional taste "piston-action" filling, 14-carat gold nib and push-on cap. Price 35/-

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A De La Rue Product



Yours for life...

Because she is your wife—yours for life—you will want to make certain that should something happen to you, she will be well cared for. There is a Standard Policy which provides not only security for you and yours, but the means to enjoy in later years many of the things you could not otherwise have.

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Golden beauty and accuracy!

HERE ARE THREE NEW WATCHES by Tudor, their small faces cased in gleaming gold, with exclusive bracelets to circle pretty wrists, hand-finished by master craftsmen!

Matching their beauty is their amazing lifetime precision. Despite their tiny size, each has a sturdy 17-jewel lever movement, whose accuracy is guaranteed by the famous Swiss firm of Rolex. Write for free brochure, which also shows models in glowing chrome and stainless steel, and for the address of your nearest dealer.



THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (Founder and Chairman, H. Wilsdorf)
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all over the world
where good taste
and pleasure
meet

Dry Monopole
Champagne

TAYNE & BROWNING & HALLIWELL LIMITED
RUFFORD HOUSE
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SIMON ELWES, son of a Knight of Malta and himself created Knight of Honour and Devotion of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta in 1929, is one of the most celebrated portrait painters in this country. Educated at The Oratory, he studied at the Slade School and in Paris. First exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1927. In 1953 he became Vice-President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. During the last war he served in the 10th Royal Hussars. As a recreation after painting portraits he paints landscapes! Here he is in his St. John's Wood studio.

"My Daily Mail" by SIMON ELWES

"**B**UYING a paper is rather like meeting someone on a ship—you want company and you choose that face rather than another. Then you hear something that you like, said in the way you like—you may not agree but you've made a friend.

I was won from a sister paper, or more accurately a neighbour paper, to become an interested and constant reader of the Daily Mail by something I saw that I liked and which I continue to like.

As an Englishman I enjoy being talked to 'as we

speak in the street', if I may borrow Chesterton's phrase, and I want to learn about my country, my fellow islanders and the rest of the world that way.

As an artist I delight in Trog and in wonder I learn from my sons that he is a glittering figure in one of the most distinguished dance bands of today. I lift my hat to a very gifted man and also to his fellow, Alex Raymond, who is an extremely able and entertaining draughtsman—but I'm very worried about Honey!

And a big bow to Don Iddon. I know my America well and his column is a necessity."

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100 rooms, many with air-conditioning and private balconies. Magnificent home of the world-famous Rendezvous Supper Room



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To everyone who appreciates rare quality, the arrival in this country of **TRADITION** Liqueur Brandy is important news. So named because it is especially blended by E. Normandin et Cie. to suit the traditional English preference for a pale, dry Cognac, **TRADITION** owes nothing to artifice. It derives its superb clean flavour wholly and solely from grapes grown at Chateaufort, in the heart of the Cognac region, while its delicate amber colour is its natural inheritance from the oaken casks in which the years have mellowed it. Ask your Wine Merchant to tell you more about **TRADITION**—to be informed about it is to enjoy it all the more.

TRADITION Cognac Liqueur Brandy
Bottles: 57/6 each Half-Bottles: 29/3

FOR A SPLENDID 3-STAR—LOREL

Although **TRADITION** is not inexpensive, you can with an easy conscience spend on it what you sensibly save on **LOREL**—an uncommonly excellent pure French Brandy which costs only 37/6 a bottle. Perfect for Brandy-and-sodas.



If these two Brandies have not yet arrived in your locality, please write to:
BRANDIES OF FRANCE LTD. 13 Maze Pond, London, S.E.1



Resting chairs can be comfortable as well as convenient to handle. The tip-up seating illustrated above can be moved and stacked away when extra floor space is needed. With foam rubber seats and padded backs it positively panders to the sitters' ease.



The chair illustrated on the left is another style of nesting chair which is particularly suitable for assembly halls, canteens, and places where the floor must be cleared occasionally for games, dancing or for cleaning.

A choice of seating and back is available, webbing, preformed plastics or plywood, or beechwood slats.

The illustration on the right shows the method of stacking.



One hundred of these chairs can be stacked in 20 sq. feet of floor space.



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SCRIBBANS-KEMP LIMITED



PERIOD OF CONSOLIDATION

The 28th annual general meeting of Scribbans-Kemp Limited was held on September 27 in London, Mr. H. Oliver-King (Chairman and Managing Director) presiding.

THE following is an extract from his circulated statement:

The year to 31st March, 1955, was mostly one of consolidation with some success in the reorganization of the Companies' factories and the establishment of depots for the distribution of the Companies' products. The new selling and distributive organization is growing apace and is proving effective in handling the Companies' products.

The Scottish factory, though still not completed, is back in full production and showing very profitable results. One of the more serious limiting factors during the year has been the great difficulty in obtaining suitable labour in the London area. This has pinned down our production in London and in turn both expansion and turnover. So intractable a problem has this proved that steps had to be taken to expand the Grimsby organization to a considerable extent and a large building scheme is on its way as an addition to our Lincolnshire interests.

Cake sales in general were very difficult for the first three months of the year. However, new methods have been adopted and newer techniques employed and there has been an improvement in this branch of our activities.

The reorganization of the Barker & Dobson factories is proceeding according to plan and it is hoped to have both the new offices and the

new sugar confectionery factory in operation before Christmas. Both turnover and profit have been maintained.

The retail side of our interests has had a fair year. The policy of the Company to modernize the whole of the branches is proceeding and some of the newer branches are showing most satisfactory returns.

It has been necessary to invest a further considerable sum of money in Canada. This was required for a large extension to our Hochelaga interests in Montreal. The investment to date is showing excellent results. In Johannesburg we were unfortunate in making a small loss, but this was compensated to some extent by Cape Town which is operating at a satisfactory profit.

The trading profit is £1,304,974, which is slightly more than last year and achieved after writing off £30,000 for modernization. Taxation this year took £663,861 as against £783,191, leaving us with a net figure for the Group of £704,243 as against £657,930.

In the Balance Sheet Fixed Assets have risen from £3,593,238 to £4,103,481. The Current Assets exceed Current Liabilities by £2,653,248, which is satisfactory.

Such figures as have been presented to me for the current year show that results are being quite well maintained except in one division. The Board has every confidence that when its plans come to fruition, shareholders will not be disappointed.

The report was adopted and a total dividend distribution of 12½% was approved.



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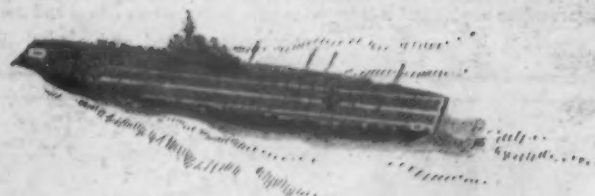
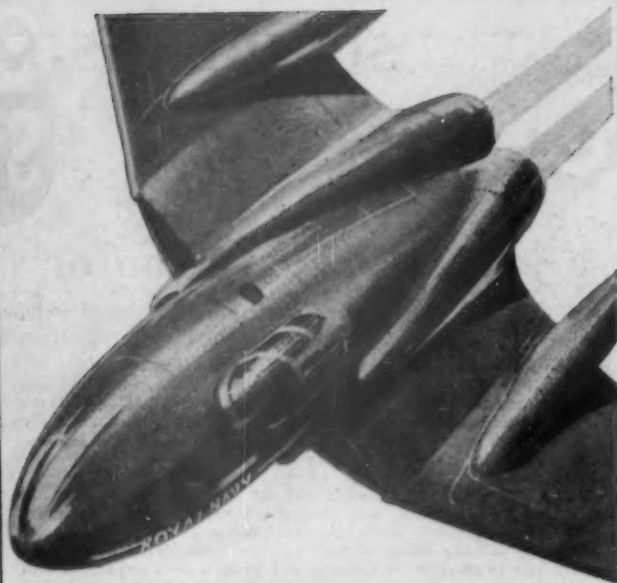
DON'T LOOK NOW

In October 877, by all accounts, the usual French cry of 'Le Roi Est Mort' was changed to 'Le Roi Chauve Est Mort'. On the 8th day of that month, died a King of France known to history as Charles the Bald. It is interesting to wonder how nicknames for kings developed currency enough to survive. Did the kings know about their nicknames? Did anybody call Ethelred 'Unready' to his face? Julius Caesar's troops used a friendly, if scandalous, two-word description of their favourite commander; and one of those two words meant 'bald'. The Duke of Wellington's troops referred to him as 'Nosey'. Who, if anyone, called King Charles of France 'The Bald' in his hearing? And was it then to laugh at him, or to distinguish him in a gathering of kings all called Charles? Neither theory sounds likely. Another question: how bald did you have to be in 877 in France in order to be given the word in your title? Egg-bald? Or was it enough to have the head gently growing through the hair on top? Poor King Charles. He probably minded being bald, and wished he could look like those storied kings who, unshaven and unshorn, resembled, in P. G. Wodehouse's noble phrase, burst horsehair sofas.



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L O N D O N A N D P R I N C I P A L C I T I E S



O'Lara's Alarming Dream

"I'M WRITING a book about Ireland and they'll want to know what business the country does."

"Haven't we Guinness?" said O'Lara. "And what do we want with any more business than that? Don't they pay millions in taxes?"

And then a troubled look came over his face.

"Begob," he said, "I've nearly given up drinking it."

"Why's that?" I gasped.

"Because of a dream I had," said O'Lara, "after drinking no more nor a bottle. And then I went to bed and I had the dream."

"What was the dream?" I asked.

"Begob," he said, "It was terrible. I dreamed that I walked down to the shore of the sea one evening; I don't know what I was doing there, but I walked down to the shore; and it was somewhere near Dublin, for I could see the Wicklow mountains. And it wasn't night, for there was still some light in the sky; but it was getting late. And the shore was crowded with people all looking out to sea. And I said, 'What's the matter, boys?' And one or two of them answered, 'it is the end' and went on looking out to sea. So I looked too, in my dream. And I saw the horizon all dark with the smoke of ships, and the people staring at them as though the end

of the world were there. 'Begob,' I said to myself, 'It's the English fleet, and those great big shells will be coming soon.'

"For the smoke was tearing up and the sky was black as thunder."

"Is it the English fleet?" I said.

"But they had all gone silent, and wouldn't speak any more."

"And then I saw that the ships were nearer than they looked in the evening. They weren't far away at all, and were quite small. And I took a man by the arm who was standing quite near me and I shook him, and said, 'Those little boats can't hurt us; sure, they're no bigger than Guinness' boats that do be on the Liffey.'

"And the man gave a great sigh and said, 'It is what they are.'

"And I cried out then, 'Ah, Boys, is it Guinness's going?'

"And I knew from the awful stillness that this was so."

"And I daren't have a sup of porter before going to bed any more, for fear would I get that dream."

"Oh, I wouldn't bother," I said. "It was only a dream."

For he looked so doleful, I had to say something to try to cheer him.

"It isn't the dream I mind," he said. "But all the truth that there is in it."

From "My Ireland", by Lord Dunsany.



LORD DUNSANY was born in 1878 and succeeded his father as 18th Baron in 1899. He fought in the South African and First World Wars, and it was after the former that plays and tales in his highly personal, yet distinctively Irish

idiom began to appear. He is among those who have tried to bring a more poetic diction to the stage, but it is perhaps his talent for the unlikely that has won him his widest public. Nothing could be more unlikely than O'Lara's dream.

G.E.2442.8

A copy of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10



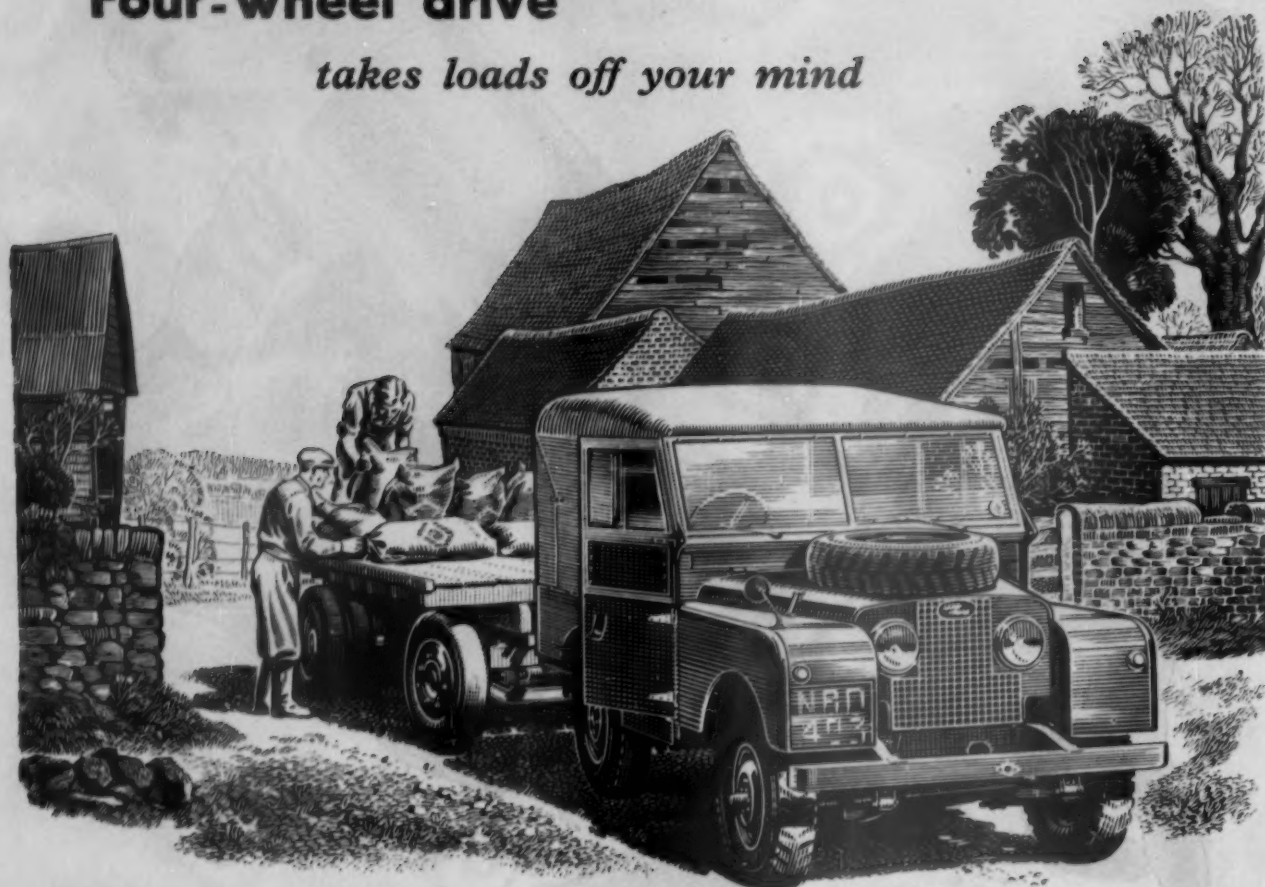
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CHARIVARIA

BETTER relations between Russia and the West are not furthered by Washington's hysterical reports of more nuclear explosions in the Soviet Union "indicating a continuation of their tests of nuclear weapons." Obviously Russia, weary of trying to persuade us to dispose of our atomic bombs, is setting a practical example.

Action, Please

A COMMENT on a speech by Sir Anthony Eden at Leamington appears under the headline, "Hope of Progress Beyond Dreams." That's what we're all hoping for.

Escape Literature

THE flight from publicity is on, and many must have read with racing pulses how Miss Rita Hayworth managed to get herself aboard the *Queen Mary* the other day without a photographer, reporter, TV unit or news-reel camera guessing a thing. From now on, if the



public is to have any celebrity news at all, agency men will have to keep a sharp look-out at docksides and other likely spots, for signs of tunnelling, vaulting-horses and Merchant Navy uniforms made of old Red Cross cartons.

All Together, Now—

AFTER General Perón had disappeared and his pictures had been trampled and his statues dragged through the streets, his successor was welcomed, says a report, by crowds of "several hundred thousand," many of whom "shouted against" their ex-ruler. What was shouted is not particularized, and it is

only the pernickety student of affairs who will wonder what the sloganeers devised for the occasion. "Down with Perón" was obviously absurd; but vituperation in the past tense for massed voices takes a bit of finding.

Almost a Gentleman

ADDING a final touch to the generally favourable impression made on the public, one of the Soho defendants told newspapermen outside the Old Bailey, "If you want something to write about,



write about Rosie Heilbron. She's the greatest lawyer in history." Lacking a public school education he could hardly be expected to know that it is more correct, on acquittal, to call for three cheers for the prosecution.

Next, Bimetallism

POLITICAL parties from time to time have to come out with a new, bright policy, thus seizing the public imagination and getting a line or two in the papers. It cannot be said what prolonged and varied deliberations occupied the Liberal Party Council before its recent declaration of war on the death penalty. What does seem sure is that, if it can't think of anything better than this, the party must already be sitting down to its own last, and not too hearty, breakfast.

Give and Take, IF You Please

IF the public wants helicopters, says Mr. John Profumo, it will have to put up with the noise they make. This is frank speaking, and should stir up a good deal of altruism at ground level

on the route between Heathrow and the South Bank. True, London's helicopter-goers, actual or potential, are not many, but it is hoped that the remainder, the earthbound millions, will submit uncomplainingly to the roar and clatter of the airborne few (thirteen hundred since the flights began), and put out of their minds the ugly little thought that as the service is being run at a handsome loss they are being hit in the pocket as well as the ear-drum.

Irremovable Object

THOSE who have had the idea for years that Mr. Attlee is shy and retiring are coming round to the view that he is only shy.

Remember "Dumb Insolence"?

ONE or two old campaigners felt a twinge of unease over that report of soldiers singing "Why are we waiting?" while paraded for inspection by a visiting general. This was simply a manifestation of juvenile high spirits, and the singing soon stopped, according to one account, when the men were "reprimanded by their officers."

Why are you waiting?



Indeed, in the new democratic Army, it would have been more in keeping if the officers had joined in.

Same Language

THOUGH plenty of enthusiasm has been expressed for Sir John Harding's appointment to the Governorship of Cyprus there are those who feel that Archbishop Makarios might be more quickly brought to see reason by the secondment of Dr. Geoffrey Fisher,

particularly as there seems to be a lull at present on the Canterbury front.

Bourgeois Approach

Moscow screen-writers are invited, for a first prize of about nine thousand pounds, to compete in producing a script for "a film in connection with the fortieth anniversary of the October Revolution." Those anxious to win the prize, but not the further bounty of an extended Siberian holiday, are rejecting the satirical theme of a first prize of about nine thousand pounds being offered for a script for a film in connection with the fortieth anniversary of the October Revolution.

Get It Over With

IT is understood that one or two neurotics, on reading Dr. Ralph Lapp's claim that America's atomic stock-pile amounts to the equivalent of "several tons of T.N.T. for every inhabitant of our planet," are thinking of asking whether they can have theirs now.

The Invisible Men

TAKE heart in the clubs and the cafés—

Soho is a fine place to live.

You go days on the run

Without hearing a gun

Or being transfixed by a chiv.

Soho isn't really a black spot

In spite of the signs of the times

And nobody's ever seen Jack Spot

And nobody's heard of Dimes.



Arms for the Love of Allah



SAIDA, saida, Effendi—sit here upon this deep divan.

Thank you, I'll have a small hashish, if you'll listen to a poor old man.

I see few gentlemen now, and I'm always ready for a chat.

Arms, you were saying? Well yes, I could tell you a bit about that.



Those were the days, Effendi. Aha, it was a fine trade then, When wars were small and repetitive and fought by uncivilized men; When guns meant gold and girls, and my hair was scented and curled, And an Englishman's word was his bond and his bombs the best in the world. Many's the time I've sat here considering the rates of exchange, While the travellers from Krupps or Vickers would demonstrate the season's range. And many's the deal I've handled and many's the risk I've run To reveal the advantages of science to men who had virtually none. And many's the load I've lifted by the glimmer of the timeless stars While tideless seas made music on innavigable harbour-bars. We had all the tricks, Effendi—the cartridges we packed like dates, And the Gatlings looking like gas-fires as well as being called them on the crates, And the locomotive comprising three mortars and the carriage for a fourth. We sent where they hadn't got a railway, but hated their neighbours to the north:

The martinis shipped as Martini and the shells marked Eggs With Care—

Nothing but a fire would show what some of our cargoes were.

Tea, now—that was the ticket. We carried it in square-rigged ships.

I have modernized a Mameluke squadron on a camel-load of Pekoe tips.

Bulk is the answer, Effendi—anything that flows or runs,

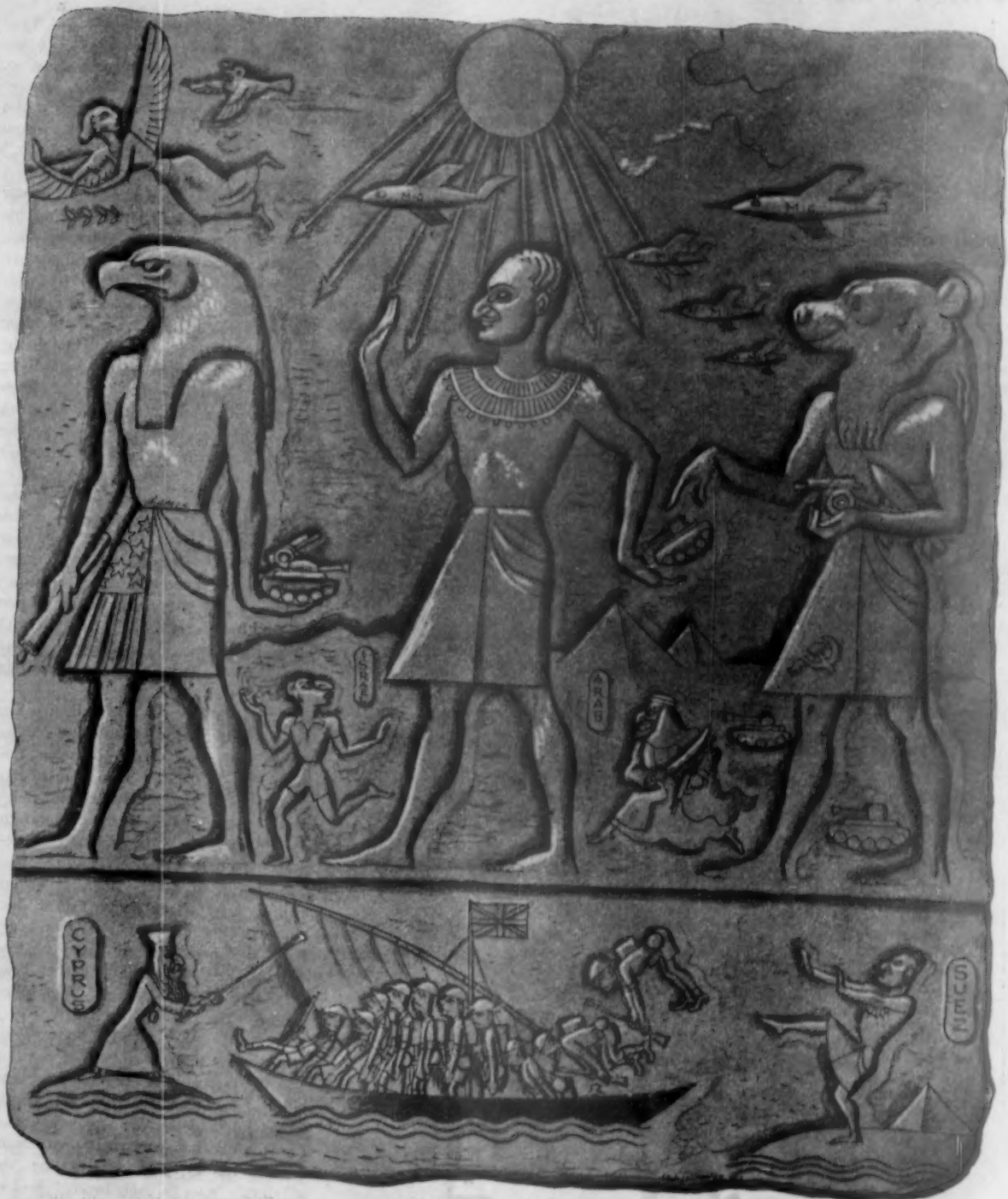
But mention metal in the manifest, and everybody knows it's guns.

Only in the Levantine trade we used to label them Antiques—

And not an unfair description of some of what we sold the Greeks.

I had been in the trade, Effendi, pretty nearly since it began, And rose to be Sir Basil Zaharoff's what you might call left-hand-man, And we tried to keep things going even after the old man died— In a solid, old-established business you have your professional pride. But private enterprise is finished. You can't sell weapons to-day With governments jostling each other for the privilege of giving them away. Did you ever know the Russians give anybody guns and tanks— Anyone, I mean, bar satellites? No wonder it upset the Yanks. And look at the terms they do it on, lending them the wherewithal to pay— Lending. I ask you, to Egyptians. You can't run a firm that way. Cash it had to be with us, and a war meant prices would increase: But now it's all buying on credit and arming in the cause of peace. With war one knew where one was, before and after it began; But peace means nationalization and the ruin of the private man. We could give bona fide aggressors a service that was courteous and complete, But with everybody so peace-minded the demand is more than we could meet.

P. M. HUBBARD



This Year of Grace

By ALEX ATKINSON

Thousands of listeners telephoned the B.B.C. to protest about the "death" of one of the characters in "The Archers."

THE smell of dog was in the little room, and in a corner a caged bird scabbled secretly for seed. On the hob a big black kettle stood. The window-curtains seemed to have been knitted. There was sunlight in the hard back garden, weak among the Michaelmas and rhubarb; but here in the room the light was shy and dusty. The atmosphere was of dread mingled with mute pathetic thankfulness. On the black and beige wallpaper framed photos were securely nailed: Royal persons in faded colour; aunties at

weddings; a child in boots; stern uniformed men, one a corporal. On the sideboard a small pot bust of a statesman roguishly sat in a litter of football-pool envelopes, inch-tapes, and bottles of sauce. Did they pray to it? In the evening, after the News, on their knees between the moquette pouf and the oxydized scuttle full of crumpled *Mirrors*? "Help us, save us, pity us, tell us, shield us from boggy men leaping out at us from the waste ground behind the Odeon?"

The wireless was on a nice little table. The table had thin legs. On the table was a lace mat thing. The lace mat thing was for the wireless to stand on. The wireless was nice there. On the wireless was the *Radio Times*. The *Radio Times*

had not been opened. There was reading in the *Radio Times*. ("Show us, lead us, guide us, spit on us: spare us, comfort and reward us.")

The man who had called sat in the basket chair on a thin cushion, where the old dog slept at night. "Sit down," they had said, watching him in awe, standing in the room as though in their cave and being afraid of him and his white teeth and the oily slam the door of his car had made. The old woman crouched in her rocker, her old feet cosy on the rag rug. She looked intently at the man who had called, without hope or understanding. She had thought he might have come about the insurance; or about Arnold being knocked down perhaps by a big lorry going to work and having to have his leg off; or the outside lav that the landlord wouldn't look at.

The younger woman's look was crafty; she did not trust the man: you did not trust people, because they were out to do you all ends up—giving you soft tomatoes when you weren't looking; making you sign your name with a pen with ink on the end of it on forms with all printing on them; charging you more for things on the H.P. than it said in the advert.

She had made the old woman see at last that the man was from the wireless, but now there was an impasse. "You killed her off," the old woman had snivelled. "You killed her off. She's dead." She had had no hanky handy to dab at her eyes with, and had refused to use the man's. The younger woman had gone to sit at her feet in the biscuit crumbs on the rag rug. "Dear dear mother," she had said. "Don't cry now. I cannot bear it when you cry, dear mother." She had put her head on the old woman's lap. "They killed her off," the old woman had repeated. "They done away with her."

The man had said "I am here in answer to your telephone calls and letters." For an hour by the alarm-clock he had striven to show that humans with typewriting machines manufactured serial stories for the wireless. "Out of their heads," he had said. He had touched his head to show them what a head was. They had sullenly sneered.



"There must be some other sentence in the Statute Book."

"You're trying to muddle us up with all your learning," the younger woman had said. "You can't deny you killed her off. One day she was alive, the next she snuffed it. Oh, cruel. Cruel you are, the wireless. Look at mother. She has her life to live the same as you. What right have the wireless got to kill that lady? Like a friend she was to mother, like it might be me, or Mrs. Harcourt up the road. You have gone and brought our wreath back what we have paid out good money for as a tribute to that lady and how dare you? We bake them cakes on all their birthdays and cut their photos out—how dare you throw our wreath back in our face as if we was dirt? When Arnold arrives home for his tea you will cop it, for Arnold doted on that lady also. Someone has poisoned her, you are trying to hush it up."

"Why won't they let me see the body?" whined the old woman. "Murderers," she said. "A dirty pack of murderers, the wireless."

"A figment," the man had stammered. "She was merely a figment, do you see? What of Little Nell? *She* had to die."

They did not know of Little Nell.

When Arnold had come home the man had seen that there was a black diamond on his sleeve, and that was when the impasse came.

The man looked into his hat and wished he could communicate with the old woman, the younger woman, or Arnold. They did not need pity, it was too late for that. They were too hostile in their implacable grief to hear of any explanation which might rob them of it.

In the long lines of gritty streets all round them, the darkness slowly came. Dirty water sniggered into grids along the gutters, hake warmed over chip-shop ranges, yellow-faced girls stood by the bus-stop and tried to keep their mouths closed. Knobs were turned in front rooms, the great gaunt eyes of the telly-boxes stared back sightless at the fathers in the best armchairs. Dream and horror, myth and syrup, truth and dare, fear and healing balm, sweetness and death, came hushing down in an ominous blanket over the weary town, under the pointing chimneys, at the edge of the endless moorland, and the man from the wireless had nothing at all to say as they crept up close and smothered him, to save the lovely wreath.



Alone and Palely Loitering

NOW the *plage* becomes a desert, Henri suffers from ennui.
Now the high-life has departed one comprehends that
pour lui,
C'est tout fini.
Our poor Henri.

Maman may infuse the tisanes and cajole his *appétit*,
Papa implore him rouse his spirit for the sake of *La Patrie*.
But for Henri,
La vie finie.

By the *plage* he wanders lifeless, *sans espoir* and *sans chi-chi*,
Haunted by the blithe mirages of *le beau monde sans souci*.
Il a six ans, Henri.
Mais l'été, c'est finie.

EVELYN ROCHE

*Etiquette on Four Meals a Day***Breakfast**

IT can be assumed confidently that none of the stories which have given the Decameron a bad name in the provinces were told at breakfast. This famous party of escapists reserved their more telling effects for the moment when the setting sun bathed the Tuscan landscape. If any of them met at breakfast their conversation was probably limited to "Give the Chianti a fair wind, will you?" or "Any grapes left? No, I thought not."

Breakfast has, in fact, seldom been a meal for brilliance, and consequently it is an occasion when the bare bones of etiquette stick out particularly sharply. Of course in the past there have been famous breakfasts, but it is hard to believe that the wits assembled at Samuel Rogers' table, or the sportsmen depicted at the Melton Breakfast, had not already had a substantial snack before facing the jungle of literary London or the other members of the Hunt.

The breakfast where etiquette is at its most baffling is the first meal of the day and to simplify matters may be assumed to be an occasion when the company have spent the previous evening together. Now they meet in the cold light of morning, last night's enchantments dissolved in fizzing salts. Here then is the breakfast table at which no one has been offered breakfast in bed and no one is in a dressing gown. Given

these facts, only a tyro in the study of etiquette would fail to realize that this is as stiff a hurdle as one is ever asked to negotiate.

Lie very low and only speak if you are sure your companions will grasp roughly what you are going to say. Be circumspect in offering food to anyone; they may be on a diet or there may not be enough to go round. These are rules for guests. There are no rules of etiquette for a host or hostess at breakfast—at least no one has ever been seen to observe them. In fact they are at liberty to range in conduct from sabotaging the entire meal, by leaving the guests to cope alone with an unlighted spirit kettle and an uncut ham, to disruptive darts from the table to let out imaginary animals or answer fictitious telephone calls. The guest enters the dining room, however, with the consciousness that not only has he to get enough under his belt to give him strength to produce eulogies for the tour of pictures or roses that lies between him and his next meal, but that he must also beware of making any rash commitments which might prevent him from getting to hell out of here on the 6.18 p.m. (change at Swindon; arr: Paddington 9.1 p.m. R.C.)

On the sideboard are a row of dishes, a clutch of boiled eggs and some grapefruit. It is doubtful etiquette to take all the lids off in turn, put them back and return to one's seat with a grapefruit

and a disillusioned expression. Be thankful that there is a choice to refuse.

Some time ago the guests of a deaf couple, after a meagre dinner the evening before, raced down to breakfast to find the hostess clutching her own deaf apparatus while she shouted into the host's ear trumpet. "It's no good your asking for eggs, because there are none."

If asked to make a snap decision on tea or coffee, remember that etiquette frowns on changing one's choice for one's second cup; but do not let the habits of a lifetime blot out the recollection that if the after-dinner coffee was muddy water, the breakfast coffee will be muddy dishwater. If there are too few Sunday papers it is not etiquette to sit on one while finishing another. Indeed by being seen to read all the Sunday papers at breakfast a guest is destroying one of his safest lines of retreat, and he will be unable to indulge in a pleasant twenty minutes torpor later in the day on the plea of seeing what old So-and-So has said about young So-and-So's book on Something. However, owing to the march of social history, all these circumstances seldom nowadays occur together, but the problems they raise are perennial. The enthusiast who wishes to follow on from haddock to sausages has still to decide if social damnation will attend the use of the same plate. Talking of haddock leads to the question of fish knives, and it is only fair play to mention that there does exist a splinter group which maintains that, while fish knives are reprehensible at all other meals, etiquette permits them at breakfast as a means of mastering the kipper. Incidentally kippers are etiquette, but not bloaters.

Most of these points are routine questions which may occur at any breakfast table, great or small, but there are emergencies when even the most far-sighted advice is inadequate for an unexpected situation.

Who, for example, could foresee that an obtuse cook would twist a request for eggs coloured with cochineal into eggs poached in cochineal? To take the lid off a dish on Easter morning and be stared up at by pink poached eggs is an experience to make Medusa appear an old family friend with a particularly sweet expression.

V. G. P.







What's Behind You, Silcox ?

By GWYN THOMAS

IF you are ever in Meadow Prospect and want to stay happy, keep away from Willie Silcox the Psyche. Silcox's speciality is viewing the human mind as a kind of tunnel in which an occasional fall of roof will block up the smooth flow of love, hate, greed or any of those fixed hobbies with which man passes on most of his time. Silcox has bleeding hands from all the work he's done clearing these obstructions, but I feel myself that every time he removes a little rubble he also takes a sharp kick at the roof of the tunnel to make sure that he will never run short of the raw material of confusion and anguish which he loves. My disease has been listening to Silcox. What green blight is to a rose, he's been to me. He's only got to start talking and he finds my ear somewhere near. By and large I don't know what Silcox would have done without me.

Consider what happened when we were putting on that operetta "A Bugle for Boadicea," specially written for our operatic group by that devotee of the headvoice and the subtle approach, Mathew Sewell the Sotto. Mathew had had a violent quarrel about vocal technique with Paolo Tasso who kept the Coffee Tavern and favoured virility in singing and demanded a full fling for chest and bowel. Mathew felt after this that he would like to make some public gesture of disapproval against Romans, this side of crowning Tasso with his own tea urn which was too heavy for Sewell to lift.

I was taking the part of Boadicea's bugler in that piece and I learned my very first bar of bugling music which I played whenever Boadicea swept into action, and there was never a nicer gesture made to the human lung than the way I blew that contraption. I was

also a tenor in love with Boadicea but making little headway except on the bugle. Mathew had staged the show on the most lavish lines. There had been a handicrafts class of record size at the social settlement, the Cottage of Content, that year and Mathew had been able to air his obsession with chariots with scythes on the wheels, and he had the scythes made especially high because he had Boadicea say somewhere in the course of the libretto that she is tired of doing decisive damage only to the shorter Romans. He also had made for the beginning of the second act a huge altar covered with green baize to create the effect of moss, for this is supposed to be one of the oldest altars in the Celtic fringe. To this altar Bosworth Berry the Bull, a massive baritone from Windy Way, is strapped and sacrificed. This happened early in the second act because Mathew wanted to show

Bosworth that he thought his type of singing, so loud and different from Sewell's own silken piping about a mile north of the upper register, a pain in the tympanum. So Bosworth got the knife from the druid as he is on about the tenth note of his only solo, and no one in Meadow Prospect had ever got rid of Bosworth so cheaply before.

The soprano, Boadicea herself, was Madame Hortense Pugh. She was large and handsome, built on the lines Wagner would have favoured if he had been building ships. She was a vain woman, glacial to a point where her trills sounded like figure skating. Her suitor, Mungo Price, was a shrinking shy man whose crazed devotion had thickened even further Hortense's imperial urges. The rôle of Boadicea, with its illusion of slicing whole legions up like chips and standing in a chariot behind that huge torpid stallion from the Co-operative milk cart, Colenso, had made Madame Hortense even more arrogant and aloof in her dealings with the average voter. As the rehearsals proceeded I noticed a cooling towards

me personally in the attitude of Mungo himself. He had tried for the part of the bugler and distant admirer of Boadicea, but he was handicapped by having the modest type of lip which never manages to do anything as assertive as wrap itself around the mouth of a bugle.

Willie Silcox and I were in Tasso's one night discussing Madame Hortense, and with our eyes full of reservations were saying what a fine soprano she was. Willie Silcox said that Madame Hortense had it in her to be one of the finest sopranos in the world, but to do that she would have to break the ice of intolerant superiority within her that was currently keeping her in business as an outhouse for both Poles.

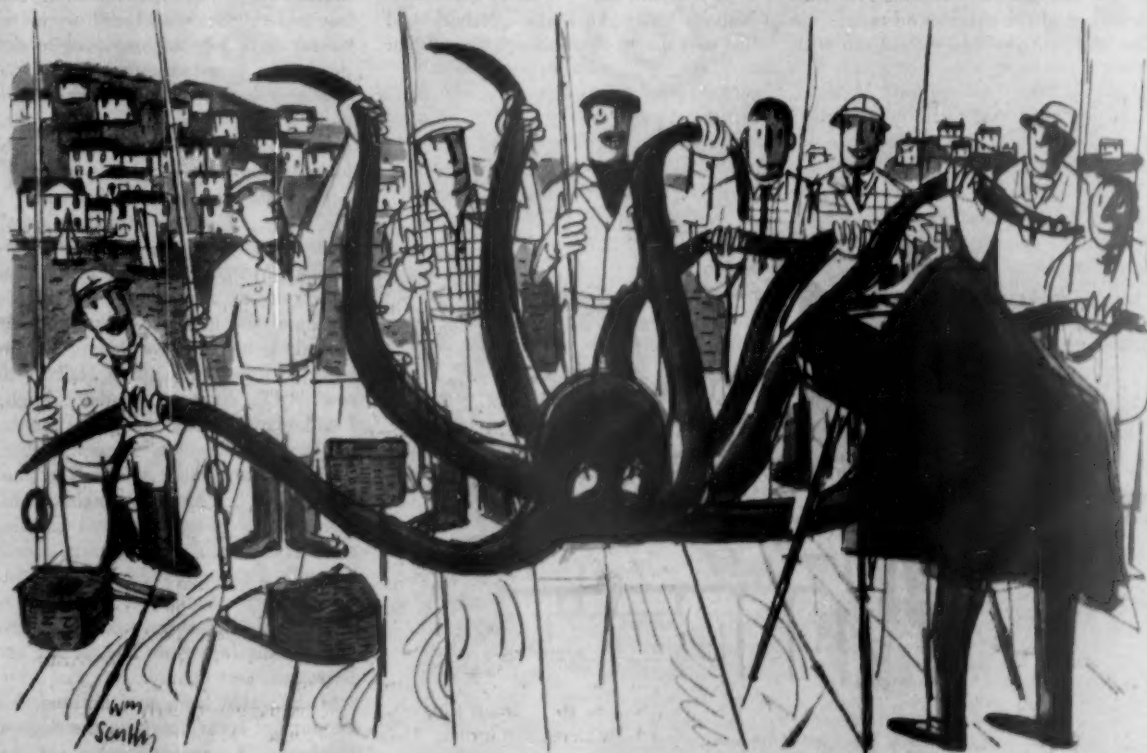
I nodded cautiously, thinking of one or two occasions when Silcox, eager to effect some bit of emotional thawing, had used me as a blow-lamp. She needs, said Silcox, a man who will inspire her with a great, a humbling love, a melting passion, the sort of experience she would never get from such an essentially timid performer as Mungo Price, a congenital doormat.

"You, Theo," said Silcox, "are the man. You may think she scorns you but I am an expert in these matters and I have seen a very cordial gleam in her eyes when she has looked at you, especially when you have been blowing that bugle and straining on the upper notes when you deliver that message about the Roman general being cut off and surrounded in the bog."

So that night I went for a stroll over to the Church Hall and there was Madame Hortense practising her entrance in the chariot behind Colenso. She was still very poor at this because the sight of Colenso's vast back seen at such close quarters made even her feel trivial.

There was no one else in sight. Colenso was less alert than ever, depressed by the sight of those blades sticking out of the wheels and wondering whether they were some new device to deal with laggard voters in the Khartoum Row area where they have two side streets named after exhausted bailiffs.

Madame Hortense was leaning back in her chariot, hanging on to the reins



fiercely, her eyes glazed with the sense of power and clearly in a mood to go into action shortening the whole human race. I took out my bugle which I had been learning to play especially loud to make an even deeper impression on Madame Hortense. I let out a note that almost blew Colenso clean out of his trappings. It was certainly a louder note than he had ever heard in connection with milk, a substantially quiet trade in Meadow Prospect. For the first time in his life Colenso raised his forelegs violently from the ground with an abruptness that would have curdled the wits of the regular Co-operative roundsman, Wyndham Wilkie, who had been switched to horse-drawn traffic from the Council steam roller to ease his neurasthenia.

"Stop that bugling, Morgan," said Madame Hortense, who had almost been toppled out of her chariot by Colenso's sudden move. "Can't you see that you are upsetting Colenso?"

I started on the recitative about the Roman general being cut off in the bog. It was difficult to sing, being placed by Sewell in the minor key to suggest suction and doom. I was just getting into my stride when Madame Hortense leaned out of the chariot and caught me what she thought was a light tap with

her long spear, one of fifty ordered by Sewell for the special use of short-armed Celts. The blow reached me right in the middle of a top C and in a state of supreme strain, and the pat with the spear finished off what little was left of my awareness.

I stood rocking there looking blanker than Colenso and my eyes even more bulging and serene. The sight of me seemed to fill Madame Hortense with a bitter, terrible contempt. As far as she was concerned the sooner I joined the Roman general in the marsh the better she'd like it. She was riding a high imaginative crest and I shook my head as hard as possible to get lucid before taking my next step. I decided that a little neutral by-play with Colenso would be in order, some effort to make him more tractable, then lead him back from the slow rhythms of a milk round to the panting tumult of Boadicea's time for which Madame Hortense was so obviously carrying the tongs. In my pocket I had a carrot, a monster of its kind. I had just collected it from the debris of a vegetable show which had been held in the annexe of the Church Hall, and I had picked it up on behalf of my friend, that prince of gardeners, Naboth Jenks the Pinks. Naboth had lost to a carrot two inches shorter than

his submitted by a brother of the judge who refused the use of Naboth's tape and made some vague reference to flavour.

I produced the vegetable, and Hortense, in no mood to be confronted by such homely articles, gave a grunt of disgust. I was going to offer it to Colenso but the pat with the spear had sent my wits on a stroll down the Congo and I offered it to Madame Hortense. She drew her spear back with some kind of tribal cry that she had been rehearsing the night before in Mathew Sewell's front room and ran the tip of the weapon right through the carrot, making me feel like that element Tell, the Swiss, who had a similar experience with an apple.

I heard a rustle from behind the backcloth and I thought that this would probably be Silcox checking on the various stages of the curriculum, and holding himself ready to throw in a few more suggestions if he found me going down for the third time. I muttered: "Now, Silcox, now I go in for the direct approach. Man to woman. Elemental savagery. Up with the curtain." And in a sadder voice I added: "And Silcox, if the thing turns out as I think it will, I will be the first runner in a race of love ever to drop dead as he breasts the tape."

I approached the side of the chariot with what I thought was a fine virile gleam in my eye but I still probably looked like one of Colenso's twins.

Hortense was keeping her spear at the ready. I swung myself on to the chariot.

"Off, Morgan, off," she cried in her most queenly manner and let fly with the hand she had free. Had she connected I would have been the first tenor to leave the Church Hall by the roof. "Oh, come on, Madame Pugh," I said. It would have taken me another ten lessons in hypnotic suggestion from Willie Silcox to address her as Hortense. "Oh, come on, Madame Pugh," I said again. "Nothing ventured nothing gained. Got to chance your arm once in a way." I thought these proverbs and popular expressions just the thing to break Hortense's regal spell and have her thinking in a more affectionate and democratic sort of way.

Madame Hortense said nothing, but she put her spear down on the floor of the chariot. I was just going to say that



"Guess what we think you've got."

this was more like it when I found myself being lifted by Hortense a little faster than the cage in Meadow Prospect Steam Coal. I remembered that during the winter Hortense had been in special training in the Gym of the Y.M.C.A. and even in my haze of panic, as I found myself shooting upwards, I passed a vote of congratulation to Shafto Pinfold who is the voter in the white sweater who keeps people upright and erect in the Y.M.

She drew me back like a javelin and tossed me out of the chariot as easily as you would a pip from an orange. I landed about six feet away and was about to pick myself up and run for it when the person I had heard moving about earlier behind the scenery burst into view through a flap in the backcloth which in Act Three was to be the entrance of a cave in which Boadicea was hiding. It was through that very flap that I had to dive to announce to Boadicea that that Roman general is now out of the bog and in a way to do business. But the boy coming through the flap then was Mungo Price looking more inflamed than I had ever seen him before, for normally Mungo has the grey, cool look of old coke. He, too, had a spear of the heavier kind ordered by Sewell for a covey of giants in the back row of the baritones.

"That treacherous oaf, that seditious dog," shouted Madame Hortense, Boadicea to the last inch, and I could feel my blue serge turning to woad. "He has insulted me. At him, Mungo, at him."

And Mungo started crouching and advancing towards me. The only encouraging thing in this whole black tableau was that the spear was a lot too heavy for Mungo and he was trailing the point badly. Hortense was now egging Colenso forward to the charge and I fell back on the green altar stone hemmed in by her spear and the championing head of Colenso on the one side and Mungo on the other. I had only one wish apart from the wish to be elsewhere and that was that I had Willie Silcox strapped to that stone at my side.

Then there was a sound of clapping from the body of the hall, and the spell of terror was broken. Mathew Sewell was standing in the front row with Bosworth Berry and looking as complacent as you please.

"Excellent, Theo, excellent," he said.



"I had been telling Bosworth that he was not putting nearly enough expression into the scene of the execution at the hands of the druids. I have lengthened his aria by ten bars, creating a bit of delay by having one of the druids turn up with the wrong knife, and Bosworth sees more in the part now than he did before. I was going to ask you to give him an example of how to look horrified in the face of people who are about to disembowel you. And here you are doing it off your own bat. It's always a good augury when conductor and tenor are in such full accord. And Madame Hortense's expression and posture are just right too. But Mungo makes an unimpressive druid. He might look better in the long white robe. Thank you very much."

As I loped off I munched hard at Naboth Jenks' carrot because the way I go through life makes it clear that I will need a maximum of night vision to cope with the instalments of gloom that are coming in my direction.

At the moment I am sitting in Tasso's sipping a hot burdock and looking thoughtfully at Willie Silcox. And if he opens his mouth to utter just one helpful syllable on how to improve my style as tenor, bugler or lover I am going to ask him if he was the bright jay who suggested to Mungo Price that he be on

hand to place the cherry on the trifle when I made that approach to Madame Hortense. That would be Silcox's style all over. Probably egging me on to provoke the wrath of Madame Hortense and at the same time attempting a cure of Mungo Price's shyness by urging him to sharpen his spear on my pelt. One thing is certain: Mungo has not looked nearly so diffident since that scene on the stage. So try this prescription if you have a friend who is a bit backward and over-modest. Ingredients, a long offensive weapon of the javelin type and the sight of some rival cowering before him on an altar stone. Then consult Silcox: and if I haven't learned any sense by then and am not running hard in the opposite direction I give you two guesses as to who will do the cowering.

"General Francisco Franco . . . broke the Spanish record for tunny-fishing with a rod when he landed a tunny weighing 710 lb.; it was reported at Madrid, cables Reuter . . ."

Star

"I hear from Madrid that General Franco has just enhanced his reputation as Spain's foremost angler . . . Fishing off the coast of his native Galicia, he landed a tunny weighing just over 800 lb. . . . This is the heaviest catch ever made in Spanish waters . . ."—Daily Telegraph

It was probably inflated with pride.

Take Your Banana Skin Here

By CLAUD COCKBURN

EVEN at this autumn date you are, I'd say—looking over the candidates—fairly safe in putting down the name of C. Gordon Neill as the Year's Most Fascinating Statement Maker. Just in case anything has come up since and you, by this time, have forgotten C. Gordon Neill and his statement, and why it was fascinating, remember that he was the one who spoke about that motor race at Dundrod, County Antrim, where three motorists were incinerated.

There were people who were shocked, startled, even—as you possibly recall—critical. Somebody must have said—because the *Irish Press* reporter quoted C. G. N. as denying this allegation—that the future of the T.T. race might be “jeopardized” by “these events.”

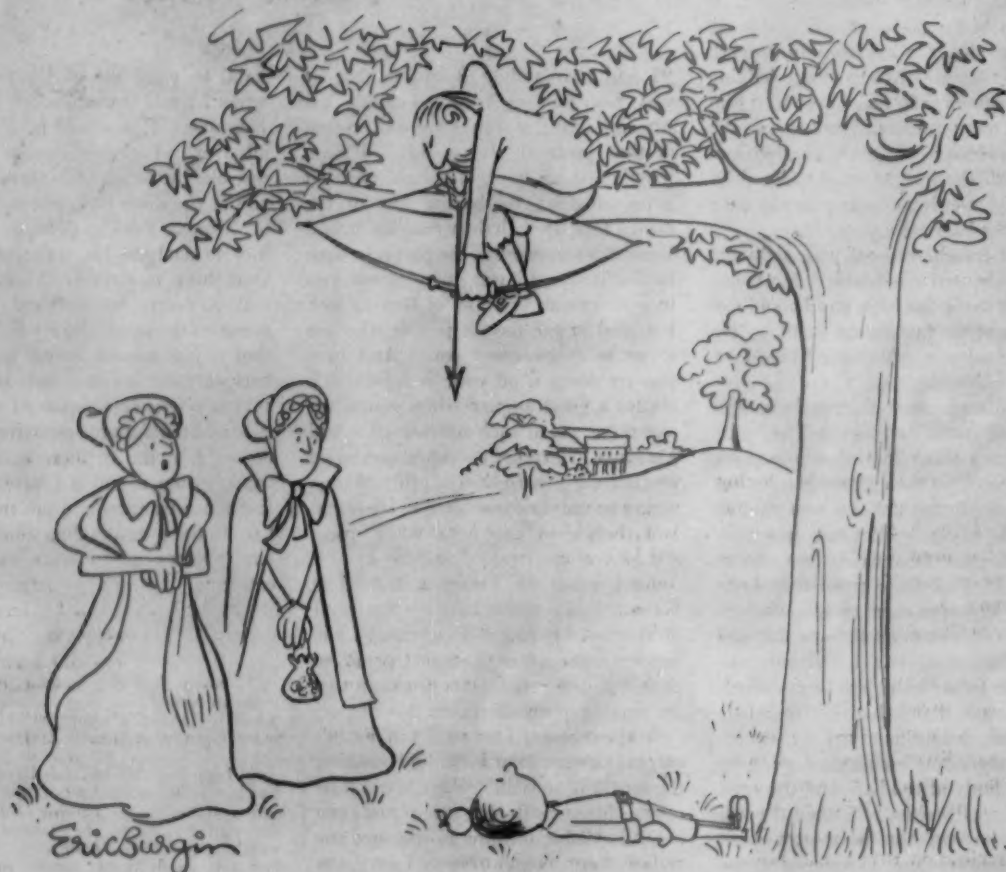
C. Gordon Neill, in a position to know, because he is Secretary of the Six County Automobile Association, told the *Irish Press* that “We could reasonably expect a bigger entry next year, and a bigger attendance—accidents encourage the public to come. All day hundreds of people drove from Belfast to the course to see the scene of the crash.

“The future of the race seems assured.”

It is a grand thing to have that stated: but where a lot of people went wrong was in not grasping the full significance and beauty of what the C. Gordon Neill Society, when formed, will term “The C. Gordon Neill Idea.” Unfortunately the enunciator did not, in the circumstances, have time to get out full

statistics: Would, for example, four, rather than three, fatal accidents have raised public interest in a corresponding ratio? Or does public interest in public carnage tend to tail off after a bit—in the sense that there are, for example, almost always an extra two thousand or so drowned in hurricane-flood disaster who came at the end of it and might almost as well have been saved for any effect they had on public interest and newspaper circulations? One hopes this will be looked into—nobody wants people to rush about getting killed and then, after all, no one turns out from, so to speak, Belfast to see the scene of the crash. After all, a chap likes to know.

What is little known is the fact—I doubt whether the great Neill is fully apprised of it—that for years and years



“The lad has no sense of balance.”

a small band of people who realize the essential "Neill Truth," the truth that it's the slip-up that counts, has been working unobtrusively to use this realization for the public weal. As long ago as 1916 there was a man in the War Office who said the Battle of Passchendaele was going to be a terrible mistake. And the other man, who underatood about accidents, said didn't this other fellow see that a big miscalculation like that about mud, and how many guns the enemy had, resulting in enormous casualties, was going to arouse public interest in war and the conduct of war to hitherto unimagined heights? He was right, of course, and his opposite number in Germany took the proper steps too, a bit later, and for years after that the people from—spiritually—Belfast dashed into the circulating libraries to read all about it, and you got Erich Remarque and so on.

I merely give credit for this incident where credit is due, because some of these pioneers of "accidentism" in World War I tend to get forgotten, as men look back on the possibly even more vivid Accidentists of World War II. One has no desire to single out any individual for special praise in connection with what was so essentially a team job, but it has to be admitted that hardly anyone in Britain would have noticed the German invasion of Norway had it not been for Mr. Chamberlain's fine bit of "slip-up" when he told the House of Commons that although the Germans claimed to be in Narvik, our experts thought they probably meant Larvik, because Narvik was too far up for them to have reached yet. The statement in itself was, of course, somewhat boring until the fact emerged that Narvik was where the enemy had got to, not Larvik at all. That drew the interest of the public at once, made people laugh at the Government, and keep an eye open to see what amusing games it would get up to next.

(In sincere tribute to the British Government's grasp of the "untoward incident" as a means of packing in the crowds, the Russian and American Governments quickly followed suit. Nothing entertained and fixed the keen attention of the Russian public more than the realization that it had been a bit of an error to think the Germans were as nice as they looked. As for

Pearl Harbour, well might any Washington politician have proclaimed that as a result of that little bash-up "the future of the race seems assured.")

Although often criticized for stuffiness, the B.B.C., in point of fact, has all along tacitly grasped the fact that 98 per cent of the population only listen to Radio or look at TV in the hope of (a) an unscripted oath, (b) a technical hitch, (c) girl's clothes start to slip off. Admittedly they don't have this sort of thing happen often enough, but it is to be hoped that with the impending competition it will occur more often. And this is where some of the new competitors are making a grave psychological mistake. To read some of the publicity material they circulate you would think they were going to put out programmes of faultless precision, everything ticking over like Chicago, and look what private enterprise can do compared to the bumbling old Civil Service.

A very poor approach to the public, one must say. More news of probable crashes, disasters, breakdowns, power failures, stars quarrelling publicly about their salaries, announcers getting all the names wrong, a weather expert on TV commenting on the drought in the midst of the year's worst rainstorm—that's what the customers want, and the Belfast chaps have proved it.

Come round down to it, who in this generation ever heard of the Foreign



Office or wanted to get into it until there was the talk about Burgess and Maclean: since when the applications for entry from Cambridge alone have risen by nearly 21 per cent? Same thing about finance—you go coasting along without a crash or disaster for years and pretty soon you find half the customers have forgotten how to spell convertibility. Hardly a way to assure the future of the race. On the other hand, just announce to Reuter's one evening that all Britain's principal overseas investments have perished in a financial inferno and you will have half the population dashing out to look. Accidents will have encouraged them to come. It is even deemed possible by some that a big financial scandal on the scale of the old Marconi Affair might get people visiting, once again, the Liberal Party.

Trín-Trín-Trín

By ROBERT GRAVES

TRÍN-TRÍN-TRÍN!
Speak to me!

Is that the house of Gravés?
Can one talk with Don Roberto?

At the apparatus. On behalf of whom?
I am Don Blas Mas y Mas.

A thousand pardons, Don Blas. In consequence of the bad telephone connection I did not fix in my mind that it was you.

How do you find yourself, Don Roberto?

Very rickety, well, thanks be to God!
I celebrate it. And your graceful spouse?

Regrettably she is a trifle catarrhed.

I much lament it. And the four
l cautiful children?

For the present, thanks be to the saints, well enough. I feel overwhelmed by your amicable inquiries. But you, Don Blas? How goes it with you?

A stupidity has occurred to me. I am speaking from my uncle's private clinic, having broken my arm in various places.

Ai, Ai, Ai! I feel it painfully . . . What a most disgraceful event! I wager that it somehow had relations with motor bicycles.

Mathematically correct, Don Roberto!
Does the arm molest you so much as to

prevent you from recounting me the accident?

Confiding it to so formal and sympathetic a friend as Don Roberto would be an alleviation, although truly the wound is painful enough. Well, it began on San Antonio's festival when I was strolling along the Borne with that shameless robber Francisco Ferragut.

The celebrated racing cyclist who finished first of his class during the Tour of Majorca?

The identical one. As you know, Francisco is a formidable jokester and said to me there on the Borne "Come to watch me eat pastries!" I answered "Is that such a rare thing?" He explained that it was not the technique of eating that would be of interest so much as the technique of eating without payment. Nothing! We went across the street and there he stood, gazing into the display window of a travel agency. I asked "Are we obliged to fly to Sweden for your pastries?" "Patience!" he answered. "All fishermen have first to wait for a bite." Presently a servant girl passed with a tray and entered the Widow Dot's pastry shop. Francisco said "There's a fish under that rock!"

Pause

Are you listening, Don Roberto?

Attentively. Continue, please!

And you remember what day that was?
You mentioned San Antonio, if I do not deceive myself.

Exact! Well, when the girl comes out, carrying her tray heaped with exquisite pastries, he stops her and says "Pretty girl, I recognize you, surely? You work in the house of Don Antonio . . . ? Don Antonio . . . ? Caramba! What has happened to my memory to-day?" The girl murmurs aidingly "He calls himself Don Antonio Amaro," and Francisco exclaims "What a fool I am! Of course: Don Antonio Amaro! Now, child, I have a most important message for Don Antonio—please pay attention! Say that Doctor Eusebio Busquets after all regrets with much pain his inability to obsequiate Don Antonio on his name day according to the kind invitation handed him yesterday—Doctor Eusebio Busquets, understand?—but he is obliged to perform a critical throat operation at the precise hour named for the feast. Nevertheless, assure him that I have now taken the liberty of eating his health with one of these delicious pastries!" Then he seizes the largest and creamiest of the confections on the tray, crams it into his mouth and says thickly "Now, don't forget the name, please—Doctor Eusebio Busquets!"

I am a stupid Englishman, I do not see how your accident is related . . .

We are coming to that. Being ashamed to stand and watch Francisco play the same trick on two dozen or so innocent servant girls, who would be coming with trays from all the big houses of the vicinity to collect pastries each for her own Don Antonio, I called a taxi and went after the girl . . .

Who was very pretty, a real salad? They always are in your histories.

She was no exception. And on overtaking her, I handed her a pastry which I had bought, of the identical class stolen, and explained that Don Francisco was a robber and a charlatan, etcetera, etcetera, and that I had chivalrously come to save her from playing a ridiculous part before her employers, and from having three pesetas docked from her wages . . .

In short, you asked her what afternoon she would be free to come for a spin to



Dana Fridson

"Now see here, Brother Matheto, are you going over my head?"

Cás Cátala on the back of your new motor-bike?

You are not by any means so stupid as you pretend, Don Roberto.

And you crashed with her on the pillion?

Little by little, please! No, no, that would have been a very vulgar and quotidian history.

Pardon me, dear Blas! Of course nothing quotidian or vulgar could ever happen to you in these amorous hazards.

Do not laugh at me, I am in great pain. But listen, it was a comedy! Three days later I met the girl by the Cavalry Barracks at about two o'clock; she climbed up behind and I set off. Well, we precipitated ourselves with a noise like a dawn bombardment down the Marine Drive, but as we reached the Hotel Mediterraneo she said "Friend, excuse me, I must dismount for a moment!" I did not ask why, because that question might perhaps embarrass a simple girl; I merely stopped and let her get down. She crossed the street and while pausing to light a cigarette I suddenly heard the noise of a motor-bike starting up. I looked around casually to see what make it might be, and there was Francisco Ferragut with my sweetheart on the pillion of his racer roaring back to Palma and she was waving good-bye.

O la, la, la! A trifle violent, such behaviour in simple girls, eh?

I grew cross, I confess it to you, and went in pursuit. Francisco had a hundred metres' start but he's a smart boy and trusted in his bike to escape; it was more powerful than mine but, on the other hand, he carried twice the weight. Then followed a transcendental chase through the streets of Palma, where there is a pretended speed limit of twenty kilometres an hour. We both drove forward magisterially, registering at least one hundred and forty and causing much emotion on both sides of the Avenue until we reached the Baron de Pinapar turning, where a khaki-coloured military auto cut in, caught my rear lamp and sent me into an irrecoverable roll. These soldiers, they think the world is theirs! They always behave as if manœuvring on the battlefield where civilians have no right to exist. In effect, the bicycle was shattered and I was thrown against a plane-tree.

How infamous! Some people should be refused permission to hold a driving licence. And the girl? What?

Nothing . . . Nothing at all . . . I met her again five minutes later in the *Mare Nostrum* emergency ward. Francisco had shocked with an air-force lorry half a minute later; he was rendered unconscious; she fractured only a rib or two. So, before he recovered his senses, I magnanimously arranged for her to be translated here with me to my uncle's clinic, and after a week of interesting convalescence we now understand each other divinely well. She loves me with madness and repudiates that it would ever have been possible for her to abandon me; she was merely about to lure Francisco far out into the country, and there be revenged on him for his love of sweet things by dropping a spoonful of sugar into his petrol tank. She and I are now securely affianced.

In a fortunate hour! I celebrate it . . .!

Now if you have a moment, my sweetheart insists on giving you a much fuller and incomparably more graphic version of these events. Hold on, I beg of you, dear friend . . .

Quominus Illuminatio Mea

THERE is gloom on the banks of the Isis

Where embattled Tradition persists,
And affairs are approaching a crisis
For the Logical Positivists.

"Only Science can furnish real knowledge,"

Say the young philosophical dons,
"Hence it pains us to dwell in a college
Named Trinity, Jesus or John's."

"Since Faith's a mere fad for the feeble,"

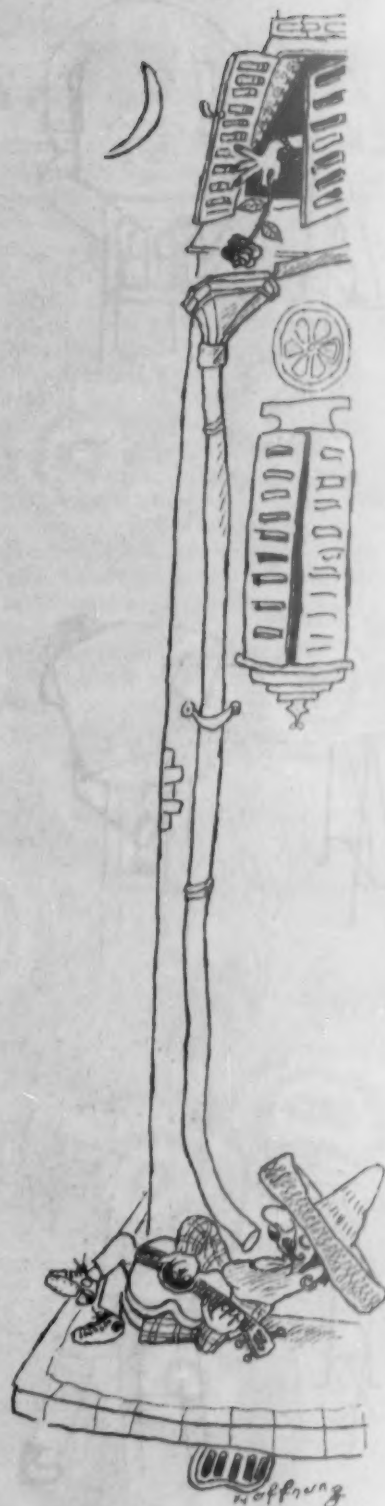
Cries Youth, with its head in Ayer,
"To reflect that one's patron is Keble
Cannot fail to engender despair."

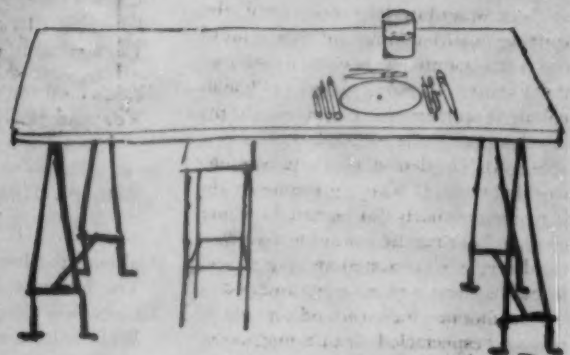
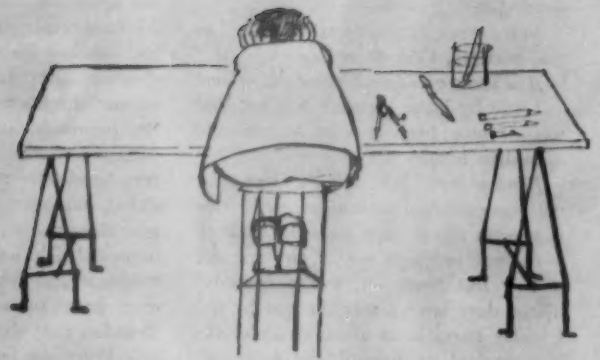
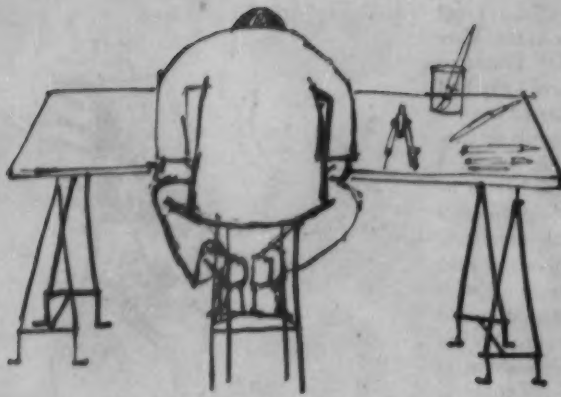
Oh, it's hard for a free-thinking maiden
To read Wittgenstein, Hampshire
and Flew

In an ethos so stuffily laden
With St. Hilda, St. Anne and St.
Hugh.

And consider how frightfully odd is
The fate of a Fellow whose goal's
To establish that men are all bodies
While inhabiting rooms at All Souls.

E. V. MILNER





Cartwright and the Brotherhood of Man

By OLIVIA MANNING

THE love my husband Cartwright feels for his fellow men is very widespread. It covers people of all races, creeds and right-minded convictions. There are those who have suggested that anything spread so widely must also be spread thinly. They are wrong. Cartwright's love is so thickly spread it quite obliterates for him those interstices of character that influence the judgments of others. He sees people through a blur of love. Some of his friends suggest that with a little religious fervour he would have made an excellent missionary. He has become, instead, a Socialist—not the modern type of Socialist that is scarcely distinguishable from Conservative. He is one of that diminishing band of idealists who see the brotherhood of man as just around the corner.

Cartwright is always happy to discuss his gospel with anyone. When he meets a similar believer his heart glows. He has met a truly worthy man. Sometimes he meets people who pretend to belief as the quickest way to getting a loan. These are not always successful with him, for he is no fool; but he is always impressed by those who, after listening to his arguments, can carry them a stage farther. One of these was a Corporal Davidson whom we met one night in a London public house just after the war. When Cartwright condemned a system that permitted the upper classes to ride booted and spurred upon the shoulders of the working-man, Davidson proceeded to condemn the same system for permitting the working-man, among others, to maintain a high standard of living by riding on the shoulders of his black brothers abroad. Cartwright applauded, adding that in his belief the working-man's standard of living could be easily maintained by an equal distribution of wealth. This conclusion satisfied everyone present: except, perhaps, a few disgruntled rich.

Davidson settled on us for the evening. He was a man of many grievances. He had been unfairly conscripted in the first place; then he could not understand why he, "educated and a gent" as he put it, had never been recommended for promotion into the officer caste. He was bespectacled, with a long nose, small chin and a refined whine that

seemed to belie the "gent" story. He disliked living in an army hostel. His pay did not enable him to live elsewhere. Cartwright promptly offered him the spare room in a flat we had been lent by a friend.

As soon as I got Cartwright alone I protested: "Darling, I don't want that man in the spare room. I don't like him. He's too smooth."

"Nonsense, darling. He's one of the most genuine chaps I've ever met. You're prejudiced. You'll like him when you get used to him. He'll be a help around the flat and bring home Naafi rations."

The Naafi rations did not come home and Davidson was not a help. He was dirty, lazy, self-pitying and greedy. When we had to leave the flat, Davidson said he had nowhere to go. He would have to stay one more night. He promised to leave early next morning. When the owner returned, Davidson was still in the spare room. He stayed for another month and was forcibly ejected after a new lock had been put

on the front door. Cartwright said Davidson's behaviour was understandable in a man suffering beneath so many grievances.

Another friend whom Cartwright made at this time was an Indian major named Rajam, a handsome young man who in speech, conversation and manners was an exaggerated version of an English public school boy. He differed from his exemplars only in wishing to turn the English out of India. Sympathizing with Rajam on this point, Cartwright took it for granted that they must agree on all others. Rajam was accepted as a progressive. He seemed too bewildered by Cartwright's talk to disagree with any of it.

This was at a time when we had been separated by lack of accommodation in London. I was staying with a friend while Cartwright had been found, after much searching, a room in a Y.M.C.A. hostel. He hated it. Davidson was still in the flat of our unfortunate friend who never failed to tell us that if it were not already occupied we might have had his spare room ourselves.

One evening, after we had eaten with



"Tell us to smile, Freddy."

Rajam in a restaurant, Cartwright insisted we must visit a very rich young man called Plimsol. Plimsol, who had inherited a fortune in Persian oil, was one of those semi-Communists known as "fellow travellers." Later, the seizure of the oil-wells by Persia turned him into a die-hard Tory. Meanwhile, living in a small house in St. James's, he was enjoying the early days of Attlee's government. He was delighted to meet our progressive Indian friend, and opened a bottle of black-market whisky. We settled down to listen to Cartwright talk. Out of courtesy to Rajam, Cartwright expounded passionately the evils of the British occupation of India. Plimsol mildly seconded him. Rajam, who had been drinking heavily all evening, gazed at them with large, black, perplexed eyes. Perhaps the picture of India drawn by Cartwright was, like his Socialism, out-of-date. Rajam neither agreed nor disagreed with it, but he broke in several times to speak of his social success among the English in Calcutta; especially the memsahibs. Cartwright chose to overlook this. Not to be discouraged, Rajam, who sat beside me on a sofa, hinted in whispers that several English ladies had been more than kind.

The evening was going well—so well, indeed, that Cartwright felt it must be shared. He suddenly jumped to his feet, made for the telephone and said "We must ask Davidson round."

"Darling, don't. Davidson will spoil everything."

"You're quite wrong there. He's just the sort of fellow Plimsol and Rajam

would appreciate. You'd like to meet him, wouldn't you, Rajam?"

"Why not?" Rajam vaguely asked.

"There, you see! The trouble with you, darling, is, you just don't understand *people*."

"Oh, all right."

Triumphantly, Cartwright telephoned the flat. Davidson was in alone. He expressed willingness to set out for St. James's. He arrived within half an hour.

Meanwhile Rajam drank two more whiskies. When Davidson, in corporal's uniform, was shown into the room, Rajam's mouth fell open. He gave a howl of laughter, put his feet up on the sofa and buried his head in my lap.

"Not the blankety, blankety corporal!" he shouted, then thumped the side of the sofa in paroxysms of mirth.

Cartwright and Davidson looked on blankly. Plimsol grinned in embarrassed amusement. When exhaustion silenced Rajam, Cartwright attempted again to discuss the serious matter of the British occupation of India. Rajam would take nothing seriously. He lay as before, his black curls shaking, lifting his face at times to say to me: "Oh, darling, darling! Is your husband crazy? Tell me, dearest, is your husband mad?"

Davidson sat in grieved retirement. Even Cartwright was brought to a stop. At last, in an attempt to keep control of the situation, he suggested we should go to a public house. It was a relief to make a move.

Outside in the street, Rajam called a cab and said he must return to his hotel. Cartwright let him go without protest.

We went gloomily towards the Hay-market.

"He was drunk, of course," said Cartwright.

"He'd certainly been on the tea-pot," Plimsol agreed.

Davidson said nothing. One felt a new grievance shaping within him.

The evening had not yet ended. As we entered the saloon bar Cartwright's spirits were lifted by the sight of a more or less familiar face. Glad of a diversion, he said with enthusiasm: "Hel-lo!"

The other responded coolly: "You recognize me, then?"

"Of course I do. I never forget a face. Where was it we met? Don't tell me. I'll remember in a second. Was it the Middle East?"

"No."

"Greece? It must have been Athens."

"No."

"How absurd! I know your face so well. Don't tell me. Rumania, wasn't it?"

"No."

Cartwright was forced to give in.

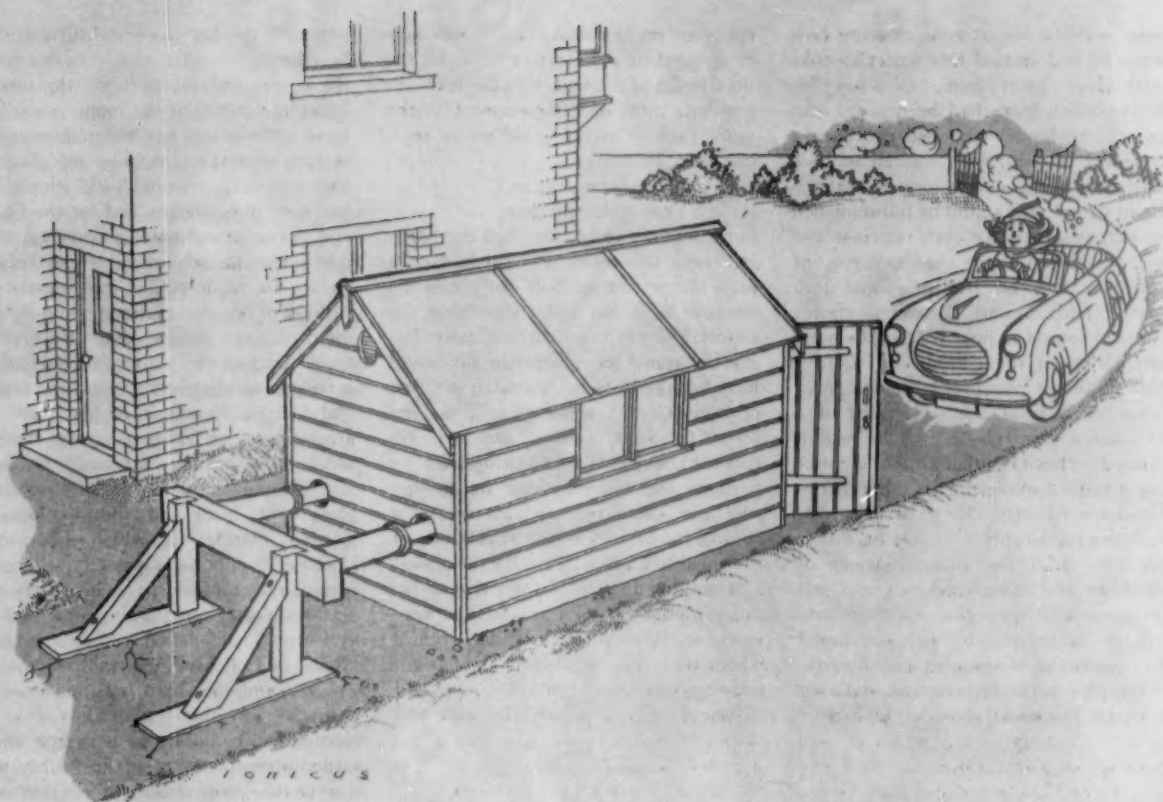
The other said: "I share your room at the Y.M.C.A. You've been using my toothbrush for a fortnight and this is the first time you've acknowledged my existence."

5 5

"Painstaking investigations are being made in the United States as to the effect of television on children and adults. Learned persons are engaged in the work, as well as advertising experts."—*Liverpool Echo*

Any crooners, members of the Brains Trust, or anything?





A Cable

By W*LL*M F*LN*R

EVER since it (the book) had arrived, which for want of accurate terms in which to categorize it would have to be described, classified, as fiction, a novel—perhaps not unjustly so as no one protagonist figuring in its 392 pages (this aggregate not including those printed sheets setting forth the title and the name of the author and the list of his—the author's—previous works, or those devoted to the dedication and various acknowledgments) could possibly or even impossibly have lived, breathed, or moved upon any continent or earthly terrain known to man outside the uncharted moonscape of the author's imagination; and would certainly have to be criticized, reviewed, as such, he (the reviewer)—who was not yet the reviewer of this particular work since he had not thus far put pen to paper on the subject and indeed could not have done without violating his infrangible rule that books sent to him for review should first be read, but who could be

said to belong to that trade or what was even sometimes defined as a profession (though invariably and only by persons who themselves practised it), by virtue of literary essays, articles, written, printed, and even—astonishingly—paid for, in the past, had been reading: first—on the initial day—by light refracted by a window-pane behind the chair in which he sat and later—when it (the light) swam grey, defunctive, beyond the glass—by the fringed circle cast effulgent upon the prose and the sentences and paragraphs from a standard lamp whose shade was raggedly and brownly punctured at the back where it must have been at some time tilted too far forward against the recalcrescent heat of the hundred-watt electric bulb: closing the book only (the reviewer) when a clock, sourceless, somewhere in some street, road, avenue, outside struck thrice and yet again; and then only, as a somnambulist might, to rise and climb into bed and place the book carefully within a handstretch and

pull up the sheet and close his eyes: which (the eyes) flew once more open after what seemed to him but an instant fleeting and impermanent, yet the whirr of vehicular wheels outside—maybe a milk-float passing—promulgated as a lapse of several hours and the start (even, perhaps, meridian) of another day, since his watch had stopped and he did not rise to draw the curtains, but clicked on the bedside lamp and reached without even looking for the book and opened it at the exact line where he had stopped reading, his glance continuing on down the moil of print while his free hand fumbled unerringly for cigarettes and matches and placed a paper tobacco-filled cylinder between his lips and struck and held a vesta to its (the cigarette) tip and inhaled the dry and bitter smoke: all the while concentrating upon the page with a kind of cold and incredulous and recusant outrage, thinking *Yes, that's it. It's not that I don't understand, don't believe in it anymore: it's that I can't, do not know how to*

now, not any longer: remembering how once he had carried this writer's books with him everywhere, even in his kitbag when there had been a war and he (the reviewer) who had not been a reviewer then but had wanted to be a writer—that is, one whose scribbles upon paper with a quill or fountain-pen or perhaps a stub of even pencil would eventually undergo the alchemy of printer's ink, be transmogrified into print, and bound between cloth-covered boards, as opposed to ephemeral circulation in the columns of a sheet that might be purchased for one small silver coin, itself the equivalent of a half-dozen coppers—though he was in those days not even that kind of a writer but a private soldier in the army of His Gracious Majesty, King George VI, perusing implacably whenever his duties allowed, amid the brazen shouts of swaddies and lance-corporals and full corporals and sergeants and warrant-officers, transected by the occasional curt command of one who wore a single or two pips or maybe sometimes a crown sewn on his khaki shoulder in lieu of

chevrons on the sleeve, the works now catalogued in a uniform edition on the dust-jacket of the book that the reviewer grasped, thinking (the private) fifteen years back *if only I could get to write like that*, thinking:

To be or not to be;

That is the question

but it was not to be: no—had not been: and now the reviewer who had once been the private sat bolt upright in the unmade bed, his sight absorbing the supererogative prose without assimilating the sense anymore than he would have had the book been written in Croat or even Coptic, thinking *even the one about the idiot, told by him too, but this not*; that was on the third day or perhaps the fourth, since he neither rose nor drew the curtains on what could have been sunshine or rain or just as probably a fall of snow, for the season was summer and the country that so-far unknoknowledged (by its inhabitants, anyway) satellite of the United States which they (the inhabitants) persist in terming—perhaps ironically, for all anyone knows—"Great" Britain: and

not until the last page was turned, did he (the reviewer) climb from between the covers and march upon the wash-basin in a corner of the room, putting a hand upon faucet and toilet accessories in turn with the same unerring glanceless automatic motion with which he had each morning reached for the book and cigarettes and matches upon waking; drawing with an inflexible scythelike sweep the razor across the fimbriated stubble of his chin; later striding down metropolitan streets and traversing traffic junctions with his eyes fixed in the same somnambulant stare and the book clutched in the crook of his tweeded arm; coming at last to a narrow chasm blocked by scarlet omnibuses pulsating and flanked by façades of steel and glass and black midnight - coloured shining marble in which his (the reviewer's) silhouette passed reflected, furious and as if forlorn: his long scissor-like stride carrying him ultimately past a uniformed bemedalled commissioner illuminated behind glass, like some waxen symbolic hero or maybe an example of the taxidermist's art, intended it could be as a savage and sardonic comment upon the futility of war or the impermanence of martial glory: and up (still the reviewer) a staircase of stone, past a protesting female figure, perhaps a secretary, who rose in his path and whom he did not so much brush aside as walk through like she might have been a mirage or impalpable phantom, thinking

To be

and knowing the answer to the unpounded question even as he pushed open the door marked EDITOR and placed the book carefully on the polished desk-top in front of the seated swivel-chaired figure which did not raise its blanched and silken head at his entrance anymore than he himself had glanced at the secretary outside, thinking *like a scene from one of his (the author's) books. The one about the air-circus, the stunt-flyers, only he ought to wear a shade*: "You ought to wear a green eye-shade," he (the reviewer) said—"You know, like a croupier, with a peak at the front" and only now the editor looked up, with his mild bland blue heatless stare, first at the book and then at the reviewer, saying (the editor) in a voice as mild bland and heatless as his eyes, though not as blue since it was devoid of all colour and indeed inflexion,



a voice blanched and silky as his glazed and centre-parted hair, "You've come to resign?" and the reviewer, in a gust of tenae and outraged appeal: "The horse. That's all. Just explain to me about the horse," thrusting the book forward towards a hand which, however, was snatched instantly away as though it had maybe been menaced with the touch of incandescent steel—"the three-legged horse. And the Negro," and the groom," he (the reviewer) seemed now to plead, in a voice suddenly broken and despairing and fatigued: "Because you are the editor. Because maybe you can tell me, make it plain. What they were at, or thought they were at, I mean—" and the editor—inquiring, inflexionless, impersonal—"There's a three-legged horse? In this book?" and the reviewer, nodding: "It runs races. On three legs. So I figured you'd have read it, you would know—" tailing off, thinking

not to be;

and the editor: "My child, why should you suppose I've read it?" leaning back, the white silky hair and the mild bland eyes, with maybe the sketch of a smile mirrored way back in their heatless blue: "Since as you say I am the editor, it is one of the prerogatives of my position: no, better: perquisites, almost: that I do not have to read the books," and leaning forward suddenly, the pools of his eyes frozen abruptly over and the indubitable crackle of ice in his tone which now was not so much heatless as frigorific: "I don't have to read them. Not now. Not anymore. Never. Can you grasp, comprehend, understand that?" and the reviewer, after a pause: "Yes. I understand all right" and the editor: "You want to resign?" mild and bland and almost mellifluous again, since he knew in advance the answer as the reviewer had when he entered the office, before he (the reviewer) replied: "No. No, I reckon not," turning with his trance-like step towards the door, and the editor: "Wait. You've forgotten something," moving a finger towards the book on the desk though taking care still not to touch it; and the reviewer moved somnambulistically back; and the editor: "So sorry I couldn't help. About the horse, I mean. Did you say three legs?" and the reviewer

J. MACLAREN-ROSS



Ornamental be Damned!

A Chinese gander, said to be fifty years old, has paired with a young goose and fathered six fine healthy goslings, according to "A Note on Ornamental Waterfowl" in the report of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks of England and Wales.

IF a hen can meditate she very seldom shows it;
To read a duck's expression is beyond an expert's skill;
However deeply ruminant a goose appears inscrutable—
An oriental bird, of course, is more mysterious still.

Because a Chinese gander after nearly half a century
Belatedly is launched upon a life of wedded bliss,
The gardens are resonant with querulous committee-men
Complaining that they never heard of anything like this.

Investing birds and animals with quasi-human attributes
Is perfectly in keeping with the British way of life;
If only ornithologists would read the Sunday papers
They'd find it less surprising that the gander took a wife.

ANTHONY BRODE

The M.C.C.—Apathy or Worse

By H. F. ELLIS

IT is now some six weeks since the news leaked out, in a curiously unguarded issue of Moscow's *Soviet Sport*, that the Russians were interesting themselves in cricket.

What steps have been taken by the M.C.C. in the meantime to safeguard our position and tighten up security?

That nothing whatever had been done before the disclosure is evident, not only from M.C.C. President Viscount Cobham's bland admission, made at the time, that Russia's interest in cricket was "new to him," but also from the affair of Tyson's boots which must now, with the fuller knowledge available, be viewed in an altogether more sinister light. The extent to which Russian agents, and their misguided tools in this country, were responsible for the unparalleled series of accidents and injuries that befell prominent English cricketers during the past season will, in all probability, never be precisely determined. But that Tyson's boots were tampered with no one but a fool can doubt. The Northamptonshire fast bowler had only to put them on to fall a victim to crippling afflictions of the heel; and so serious, it will be remembered, did the situation ultimately become that the services of specialists in London were necessary to restore the boots to anything like operational condition.



"Here's a chance to redeem your lives. My luv had walked out last night and hasn't returned since."

By these and other less literal acts of sabotage Russia advanced her deadly aim of disrupting the English side. Team-building for the future was set back at least a twelvemonth. The softening up process had begun in earnest, and Russia could look forward with confidence to the time, not far distant, when she would be able to pit her own new-found strength against a weakened and disorganized opposition.

Why then, it may be asked, when so much could be achieved, and was being achieved, by underground methods against a purblind enemy, did *Soviet Sport* reverse the crypto-cricket policy and openly declare its country's interest in the game? The answer is not far to seek. Sooner or later the outward and visible signs of Russian preparation, the stepping up of her imports of heavy rollers, the great bat-willow forests springing up along the banks of the Volga, the constant traffic in copies of the Laws (smuggled out, we need not doubt, by the well-tried route through Prague)—these were portents that must eventually penetrate even the elephantine complacency of the lords of English cricket, sitting aloft in cushioned and pavilioned ease. Not for ever could the rising tide of red flannels be concealed from the duller eyes. The time had come for Russia, by an apparently frank declaration of her interest, to disarm suspicion, and by extending to British teams (as she did in the columns of *Soviet Sport*) an invitation to give a "demonstration" of the game in Moscow next year to suggest that it would be many years before she could be regarded as a serious opponent. The M.C.C., already guilty at best of scandalous obtuseness, will lay itself open to a far more serious charge if it allows itself for one moment to be lulled and gulled into the belief that Russia is scarcely as yet even a beginner at the game. Already, in the estimation of competent judges, she may be among the six top cricket-playing countries in Europe.

What, it must be asked again, has the M.C.C. been doing in the last six weeks to set its house in order and counter the designs of a crafty and unscrupulous opponent? Recent events in another sphere have demonstrated afresh the

futility of shutting stable doors after the horses are out; and though no one would wish to question the staunch patriotism of the great mass of English professional and amateur cricketers, there is no blinking the fact that there are rats and weaklings in every walk of life. Attempts undoubtedly will be made to get at left-hand bowlers. What is being done about screening? This is a serious question, and it simply is not good enough to reply, as the M.C.C.'s Assistant Secretary is reported to have done: "One at each end on most grounds." Anything approaching a witch-hunt would be repugnant to British public opinion, but clearly the antecedents and sympathies of some at least of our close-in fielders (a department in which the Soviet Union is expected to be weak) must be carefully scrutinized.

Nor is this all. When attempts at corruption fail, as they surely will, Russia will not scruple to resort to stronger measures. Kidnapping has been tried before and may be tried again. The public will not be satisfied until a full assurance has been given by the Moguls of St. John's Wood that adequate counter measures are in hand. Admittedly, the removal of Len Hutton to the comparative safety of a hospital ward is a step in the right direction. But what has happened to the two young Sussex batsmen who went on a day trip to Boulogne at the end of August? Where are Graveney's pads? Is Statham closely guarded? Are the wives of, say, the best thirty cricketers in England constantly being followed? These are questions that must be fully and frankly answered—and at once. It will be worse than useless for the M.C.C. to wait until half the English team are behind the Iron Curtain before issuing a statement that the matter is being kept under active review.

Officially, meanwhile, the Russians themselves are preserving, as might be expected, an attitude of calm inscrutability. A 'phone call to the Soviet Embassy this morning, to ask whether they had anything to say about Tyson's boots, produced only a non-committal "Nothing is known of the matter here." We shall do well not to underrate them.



"Now here I used a 185mm. f1.5 colour-corrected hard-coated telephoto lens with ultra-fast superpan double x. Subject: my wife and Group Captain Purvis."

Nothing for Something

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

INSURANCE Companies are Revolting," said a thoughtless headline on a recent financial page. Perhaps that goes too far, but for most people they do have a certain easy repellence. It may be a growing coyness among the insurable public which prompted last week's vade-mecum for the catastrophe-prone layman,* the man who habitually reverses into his own gatepost, blinds caddies with his approach shots, loses limbs, sets curtains on fire and comes home to find that the children's pony has kicked the post-man's teeth in. This man is always rushing to read his insurance policy and finding that his bad luck has come at a time, at a place or in a form which excludes him from benefit, and he feels cheated and bitter.

* *Can You Claim?* by John Yaxley. Chatto and Windus, 6s.

As the book makes plain, this is nobody's fault but his own. What he doesn't realize is that insurance companies are in business for the money, not as independent programme planners in competition with the welfare state. He should put himself in the company's place, and think how far he would get if he just sat around all day dashing off cheques. It could ruin him.

Nor does he realize that however much insurance a man has, he always needs more—a point which is made indefatigably by all insurance publicity, but which he ignores until it is too late. Owing to ignorance of the English language, he thinks, for instance, that a Comprehensive Policy on his house and possessions comprehends them all, and all contingencies. It only needs a chimney stack to fall through the roof and wreck the spare bedroom to show

him how wrong he is. Unless the provisions of his policy specifically include falling chimney-stacks—or unless, by a happy chance, he can prove they were struck by lightning—he hasn't a leg to stand on. This means that if you want your Comprehensive Policy to be Comprehensive you must see that it comprehends everything you want comprehended. For a man of imagination, getting out a list of possibilities along these lines can be an unnerving business, involving disintegration under atomic fallout, theft of cold water cisterns or portable out-buildings, structural collapse into old mine workings and destruction by stampeding bison.

Even the standard precautions taken by every Comprehensive Policy can be a bit of a let-down sometimes. "Damage to underground water-pipes" seems on



the face of it to take care of outside plumbing hazards, but it shrewdly excludes any consequent "flood, subsidence and landslip." In the same way, the man sleeping soundly because he knows he need fear no financial loss from earthquakes may take to waking up regularly in the small hours on learning that this clause "excludes damage caused by shock"—which might seem to leave the contingency virtually uncovered. With an honest face, a good circumstantial story and an assessor whose digestion is in first-class shape he may recover the value of treasury notes dropped in the fire, but he won't get so much as a compassionate grunt in the matter of incinerated "deeds, bonds, bills, promissory notes,

cheques, securities, stamp collections, medals or coins."

For the really comprehensive policy he really wants an "All Risks." It costs more, but oh! the peace of mind. The only trouble is that it doesn't cover all risks. If his possessions deteriorate through the action of light, atmospheric conditions, moth, vermin or other "gradually operating causes" he won't get a thing; nor if they suffer under war, civil war or kindred risks. Nor if he packs them in a bag and takes them out of the country. For this he wants a Traveller's Baggage Policy, which takes care of everything—except that articles of value aren't covered unless special arrangements are made. (Gold watches left in train lavatories are instanced.)

However, one thing about the All Risks stands out like a beacon; the author recommends it as absolutely reliable for "the inveterate loser of umbrellas" . . . but remember, as he mentions more than once, the company which finds itself paying out more than it is taking in "may decide to ask you to insure elsewhere." That's business.

There are other small, but important and interesting points. Mirror insurance, for example, doesn't cover the frame, nor the hand-basins, Dresden ware or anything else broken by the fall; nor, very probably, the seven years' bad luck. Again, if you're insured for Personal Liability don't get the idea that you're covered for Public Liability. And remember that if you have an All Sickness Policy, and get sick, they can refuse to renew it. To be confident of renewal you want a Permanent All Sickness Policy. And in either case, reasonably enough, a company won't insure you against any sickness you think you are likely to have. That would be absurd.

The important thing is to realize that you are not bound to construct your funkhole of standard slabs of cover as advertised. With a little thought, and an explanatory letter or two, you can insure against practically anything, whether such policies can be found lying about on the insurance broker's desk or not. This disposes of the idea that no man can achieve absolute protection against everything he can think of. He can, provided he can think of it. All he has to do is to draw up his own routine clauses covering leprosy, tight-lacing, injury from falling eagles, loss of earning power through immobilization in quicksands, etc., etc., etc., and to add at the end the most important of all—the clause insuring him against the company's finding a loophole somewhere.

Your Week-end Entertainment

"THEATRE CLUBS OPEN ON SUNDAY
BOLTONS THEATRE CLUB. No production.
Clubroom cabaret.

CANDLELIGHT (ALL-ARTS) THEATRE CLUB,
Chepstow Villas. No production.

NEW GATEWAY THEATRE CLUB. No
production.

NEW LINDSEY THEATRE CLUB. No
production.

'Q' THEATRE, Kew Bridge. Theatre
closed."—*The Kensington Post*

Brooklyn Bridge is Falling Down

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

VERY few Englishmen who visit New York penetrate to Brooklyn—the beautiful borough across the bay, as it likes to call itself, but more generally known as the Forbidden City. You need native guides and lots of pemmican, and above all to get into the wrong subway train. It is not worth taking the risks.

But it is a place where something is always happening, generally in connection with baseball. The principal activity of the residents—when not murdering one another; almost all the best murders take place in Brooklyn—is to watch baseball games and shout derogatory remarks at the home team. Where you or I would curl up with a good book, the Brooklynite goes to Ebbets Field and howls abuse at the unfortunate artisan who for one reason or another fails to connect with the stuff served up by the opposing pitcher.

They tell a story of a man who was sitting behind a Brooklyn fan and the fan began expressing at the limit of his lungs his opinion of a player called Camilli. "Put that bat down and let somebody hit that can hit," he was saying, and the man tapped him on the shoulder.

"I wish you wouldn't talk that way to Camilli," he said. "He's a friend of mine and, if you knew him, you would know he is a very nice fellow."

"All right," said the fan, scowling. "If he's a friend of yours, I'll lay off him," and he turned his attention to another Brooklyn player of the name of Walker.

The man tapped him on the shoulder again.

"I wish—" he began.

The fan whirled round.

"Is Walker a friend of yours, too?"

"A very dear friend."

The fan rose and headed for a seat in another section.

"I'm getting away from you," he said testily. "I'm not going to have you spoiling my afternoon's pleasure."

At the present moment it would not be putting it too strongly to say that the times in Brooklyn are out of jernt. The latest news from there is enough to make your hair coil. The baseball team, the Dodgers, as they are called, are threatening to move to Jersey City, and

one cannot blame the honest fellows. If I were a member of the Dodgers I would be out of there before you could say Boo.

One of the club's most gifted practitioners, the eminent Duke Snyder, plainly thinks along the same lines. Resenting the fact that in a recent game his failure to score brought twenty thousand fans to their feet, howling at him like wolves, he stated for publication his frank opinion of his supporters and admirers, and his words have caused a tumult. The discovery that baseball players had feelings came as a shock to one and all.

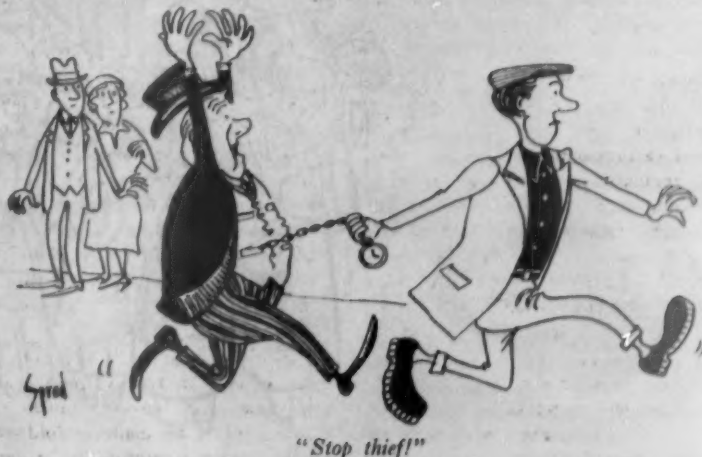
I have always thought it curious that the gentle game of Rounders should provoke such violent passions, and still more curious that the public should be permitted to express them fortissimo. At Forest Hills, if you so much as clear your throat during a rally in a championship tennis match, at the end of the rally a loud speaker will bellow rebukingly that *absolute* silence is required while play is in progress. And in the American Golf Open nobody would dream of shouting personal abuse as the player was shaping for a difficult putt. But baseball is conducted in an atmosphere like that which prevails during a warm debate in the French *Chambre des Députés*. Especially in Brooklyn. The mob at Antony's funeral oration over Cæsar never made half such a fuss as Brooklyn fans do when one of the home team takes a swing and hits only what passes in Brooklyn for air.

"There has never," says a writer in one of the papers, "been a Brooklyn hero who at one time or another has not been hooted in what he had presumed to be the sanctuary of Ebbets Field. Granted that it can scarcely be a pleasant experience to have those whom you expected to cheer you suddenly turn on you and hoot you and, mayhap, call you names, nor easy to bear in mind at the moment that this treatment is an occupational hazard, Duke Snyder will quite likely get over the shock. As for the fans, they probably didn't think anything had happened till they read what the Duke had to say about them."

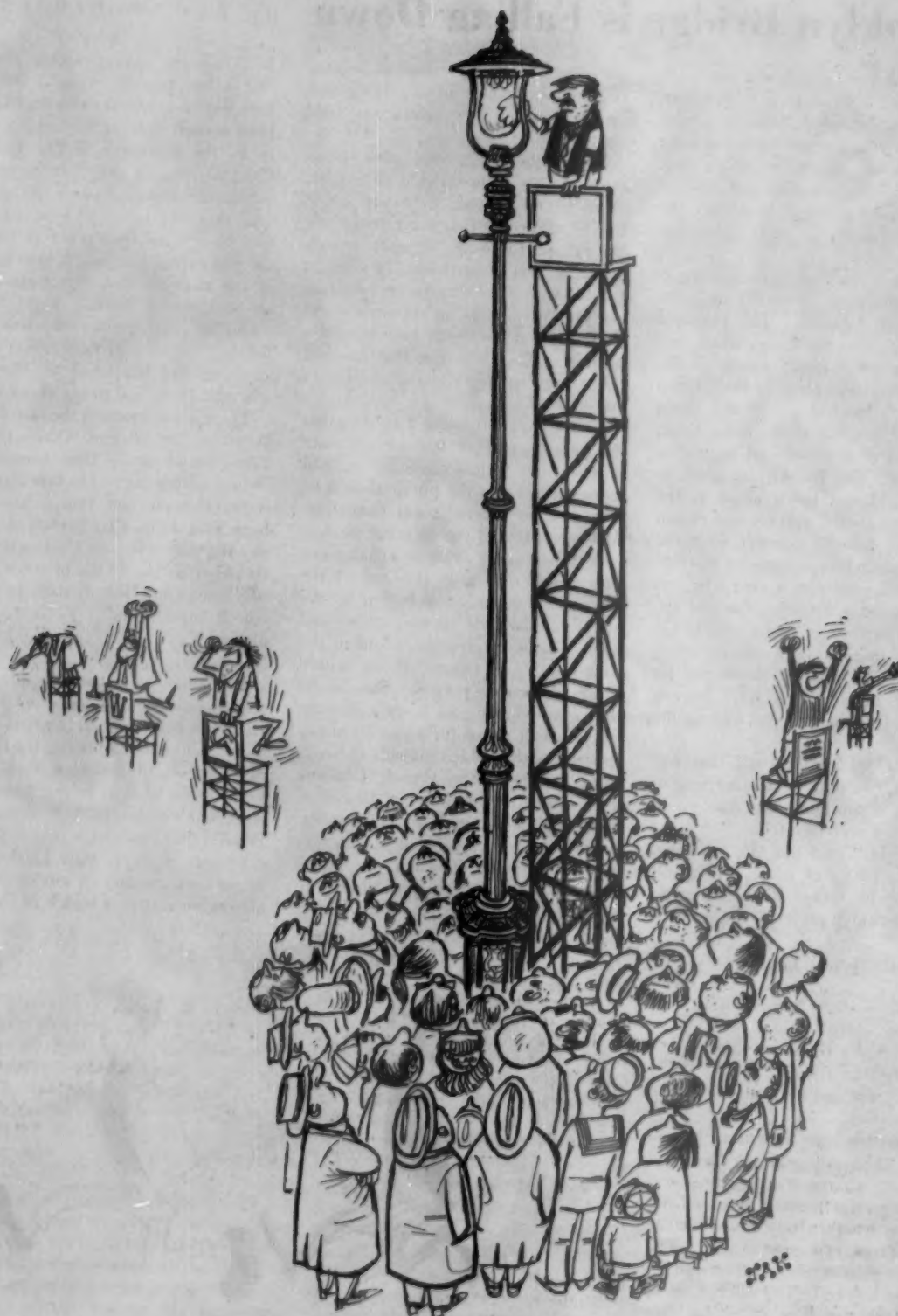
There at the moment the matter rests. Where it will all end, knows God, as *Time* would say. One cannot help feeling a little sorry for Brooklyn. All sorts of unpleasant things have been happening to it of late. Only the other day the post office authorities included Brooklyn in the "Out of town letters only" section. Its only daily paper has ceased publication. Texas has supplanted it as a vehicle for radio humour. And now this.

But there is a bright side, as a correspondent of the *New York Journal-American* points out. He writes:

SIR,—The possibility that the Dodgers may get out of Brooklyn should be a welcome bit of news to that borough of paralysed cerebrums. It means that Brooklynites will have more time to devote to culture, thus producing, I hope, a community of intelligent *homo sapiens* instead of a bunch of morons.



"Stop thief!"





28 Haymarket

ON his return to London from the British pavilion at the Sixth German Industrial Exhibition the President of the Board of Trade said: "Our exhibits at the fair are well ahead in quality and design." A simple, complacent, diplomatic, orotund statement calculated to make British industry sigh with relief. Unfortunately, the statement was also misleading.

For thirty years British industry has been heckled by the aesthetes, told that its wares ignore the canons of sound design and are inferior in their sensory appeal to the manufactures of other countries. The Swedes make better furniture, the Danes better pots, the Italians better glassware and typewriters, the Germans better cars and cameras, the Swiss better watches and clocks, the Americans better gadgets, the Japanese better simulacra, and so on. For twenty years, at least, economists have been telling British industry that its competitors in overseas markets take far more trouble to cater for the precise demands of their customers, that British goods—structurally sound and embodying ergs of skill and craftsmanship—are not always exactly what the client needs or likes. For ten years the Council of Industrial Design has been making itself thoroughly unpopular by trying to reinforce the appeals of the aesthetes and the economists. And for ten years the industrialists, while feigning fury, have been quietly taking notice, improving their studios, their design research and their designs.

There can be no doubt about the improvement in British industrial design since the war and the "Britain Can Make It" exhibition. In 1946 good design was the exception in almost every industry dealing in consumer goods; now, good design is encountered as frequently as bad—a dramatic change. Ten years ago the British public seemed to care little whether its purchases were clean, efficient and good-looking, or otherwise, and manufacturers who led the field in the pursuit of good design often won nothing more tangible than praise from the critics.

Now, everybody welcomes the news

that the Council of Industrial Design is to open a permanent "Design Centre for British Industries" in the spring of 1956. Customers, buyers, manufacturers, designers and corduroyed know-alls are all convinced that 28 Haymarket will mean good business and good design.

The venture will cost about £80,000 annually and will be financed partly by the Centre's receipts, partly by Government grant. Manufacturers of furniture and furnishings, textiles, carpets, tableware, travel goods, domestic gadgets, office equipment and so on—provided that their goods are of the required standard—will pay small charges to cover the display of their exhibits (a vase might require a fee of £4 per month) and in return get a very valuable advertisement in the nation's shop-window of design.



Labour Marches Off

IN morbid moments I meditate on the fact that every year there are another 20,000,000 more Chinese to feed, not to mention the other backward races, such as the Indians, North Americans and the Zulus, who are so busy going forward by breeding and unjustly increasing the numbers of their souls. It seems that only the Eskimos know anything about self-restraint, or maybe it's their temperature. But nevertheless every single morning of the year adds another 85,000 mouths to the gaping maw of the squalling brat of the earth. And to balance that, every month a couple of thousand farm-hands in England alone leave the land to become garage hands or cinema attendants.

Such facts pass unnoticed, nobody tightens their belts. Indeed every bipped belly on the globe consumes more every year. Gluttony is the reaction to the threat of starvation. And those people who now worship the Atom and believe it will fill Egypt with corn are in for some lean years. Notions that we can irrigate such places as the Sahara have been put into perspective by a hydraulic engineer who stated recently that if an area the size of Kent was a desert it would require all the water

Mr. Thorneycroft's statement was misleading because it suggested that our design problems are over and done with. The truth is, however, that Design Review, the Council's catalogue of selected "well designed consumer goods in current production," still rejects far more applicants for inclusion than it accepts.

Meanwhile forward-looking investors may like to brood on the possibility of expansion heralded by the Design Centre. Many industrial units will blossom with the public's growing appreciation of good design, and shares in their activities should prove profitable. From a long list of "probables" I select Chance, Halex, Heal's, Copeland, Ingersoll, Morphy-Richards, Pel, Ernest Race, Stevens and Williams, British Olivetti and Ferranti—though not all are quoted or available. MAMMON

which flows down the Thames throughout the year to irrigate it sufficiently for a single crop of maize.

But don't let me depress you: we English farmers are making great progress, by cutting down on our livestock and letting thousands of acres go out of cultivation every year. With wages at £1 a day, and the banks squeezing our overdrafts, we can't afford to mess about on marginal or hilly slopes.

Obviously nothing will be done to arrest the drift from the land. We were told that labourers needed amenities; we've given them bathrooms, stoves, electric light, TV, but still they go. The reason for their dissatisfaction is: mechanized farming is boring, and agriculture lacks a ladder. That is to say, once a cowman always a cowman. What can a young tractor driver rise to but to become an old tractor driver?

Maybe we should do nothing to arrest this drift since heavy industry does need more engineers. And if we adopted that policy and encouraged our labourers to leave we could then perhaps employ Italian peasants—if the Agricultural Unions didn't emulate the miners and forbid it.

In less morbid moments I meditate on the happy days when the land had serfs. And since it will of necessity demand these again before the turn of the century, I wonder what we shall call them then, and who will revise our flabby democratic ideology to make way for this recurring mediæval fact.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Du Côté de Chez Tigi-Dwt

I AM prejudiced, for the most part, against translations of foreign masterpieces into English; certain languages, in particular, seem quite intractable in this respect—Russian, for example: I shall never, I know, be able really to enjoy Dostoevsky—for which I am apt, perhaps unfairly, to blame his translators, though it is just possible that the Master himself (a disturbing thought) may have had something to do with it.

On the other hand, I derive a lively if somewhat morbid pleasure from translations of English novels into any other language of which I have the least smattering. Thus, I was once strongly tempted, on a recent trip to Italy, to spend 1,500 lire on a weighty volume entitled *Vita e Morte del Sindaco di Casterbridge*; I resisted the temptation (my currency was running short), only to fall, a day or two later—for my morbid taste extends to translations from the French—for *La Strada di Swann*, *Romanzo di Marcel Proust*. My Italian, alas, is rudimentary, but Signora Verdurin proved irresistible: one pictured her, inevitably, as an Italian *bourgeoise* with a bun, devouring a vast plate of *pasta* and quaffing bumpers of *vino rosso*. *Alla Ricerca del Tempo Perduto*—yes, indeed; but *Time Past*, regained through so improbable a medium, had suffered a sea-change: *la zia Léonie*, the *campanile di Sant' Ilario*, *la piccola frase di Vinteuil*—the familiar Proustian world was transfigured, Combray had become a village in the Abruzzi, the young Marcel himself a character out of (say) Alberto Moravia . . . No, no—*La Strada di Swann* simply wouldn't do; and nor—as I have recently discovered—will another masterpiece, lately done into Italian, do either: I refer to *Il Coniglio Pierino*, *Fabia di Beatrix Potter*.

Miss Potter (like Jane Austen, she surely demands this perennial title of respect) has been translated into many languages, but *Peter Rabbit* is the first of her books to appear in Italian. Like Proust, alas, her peculiar qualities are

but ill-suited to the language of Dante and Leopardi:

"*C'erano una volta quattro conigli, che si chiamavano*

Saltino,

Saltarello,

Fiocchetto,

e Pierino . . ."

What, one asks oneself, has happened to Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail? Transformed, apparently, into a team of Italian acrobats; but why the change of sex? It is all very disquieting—but then, one knows the sort of thing that happens when the English go native in Italy . . . As for Mr. MacGregor, he is transmogrified, one gathers, into a prosperous



contadino, Don Gregorio ("Presto, presto," cry the friendly sparrows to poor Peter, "*Sbrigati! Ecco che arriva Don Gregorio!*")

I do not know if Miss Austen has been translated into Italian, but I can hardly imagine that the result would be very felicitous. On the other hand, she would probably go well enough into French—and so, as it happens, does Miss Potter. *Pierre Lapin* (translated by Mesdames Victorine Ballon and Julienne Profichet) triumphantly survives the channel crossing: Flopsaut, Trotsaut and Queue-de-Coton are credible

enough, and even Mr. MacGrégor has a sort of horrid plausibility ("*Vite! Vite! Dépêchez-vous! Voici Mr. MacGrégor!*"). Jeannot Lapin, Poupette à l'Épingle, Jérémie Pêche-à-la-Ligne—all these preserve the flavour of the original, with an added pinch of Gallic salt. In matters of gastronomy, as might be expected, the French editions tend to be an improvement on the English: thus, Mrs. Rabbit (in *Pierre Lapin*) "*s'en va chez le boulanger, acheter une miche de pain bis et cinq brioches*"; and the "roasted grasshopper with ladybird sauce" (in *Jeremy Fisher*) assumes an impressive air of *la haute cuisine* when rendered as "*rôti de sauterelle, sauce Bête-à-Bon-Dieu*."

In *Jemima Puddle-Duck* (*Sophie Canétang*) the Gallic influence becomes almost embarrassingly pronounced, and the story of Sophie and *le gentleman aux favoris roux* is infused with an atmosphere which can only be described as *risqué*, if not positively *louche*. Sex—or something uncommonly like it—rears its ugly head: "*Comme je regrette*," says the foxy-whiskered gentleman to poor, innocent Sophie, "*que vous soyez obligée de retourner chez vous pour y passer la nuit*"; and later he adds (in even more sinister accents): "*Je désire vous offrir un festin. Permettez que nous ayons un petit dîner en tête-à-tête*." Petit dîner, indeed! One knows only too well what that means.

I have never, I regret to say, attempted to learn Welsh; but were I ever to succeed in mastering that barbaric and rebarbative tongue my favourite reading would not, I fear, be the *Mabinogion* or the *Black Book of Carmarthen*, but those modern (and perhaps more approachable) classics, *Hanes Dili Minllyn* and *Hanes Meistres Tigi-Dwt*. Nor do I know Dutch; but it would surely be worth learning if only to read *Twee Stoute Muisjes* or *Jeremias de Hengelaar*. The same goes for German: my knowledge of that language is restricted to half a dozen highbrow-international words like *Zeitgeist* and *Weltanschauung*; but I feel it hard that I should be deprived of such masterpieces as *Die Geschichte von den zwei bösen Mäuschen* or that interminable, agonizing saga of a *Lumpenproletariat*

family in post-war Berlin: *Die Geschichte Der Hasenfamilie Plumps*.

And when, by the way, will Miss Potter be translated into the language of Pushkin, Gogol and Turgenev? Tovarich Piotr and the *kulak* Gregor Gregorovich would surely go down well behind the Iron Curtain.

JOCELYN BROOKE

The Making of the English Landscape. W. G. Hoskins. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 25/-

Outrage. Ian Nairn. *The Architectural Press*, 12/6

These two books seem naturally to go together. Dr. Hoskins has written all the guide-books in one—which may remove the sting from the price—and yet no guide book at all in the ordinary sense. He seeks to show how the English landscape came to be what it is, and thus to answer the questions so many of us must have asked without knowing where to find the answer: How did this stretch of countryside develop into its present pattern? Did travellers a thousand years ago see these same woods and valleys and hills? If not, what did they see? With infinite and careful research, evidenced by the valuable end-of-chapter bibliographies, the author investigates the countryside's changing face from pre-Roman times to our own, and offers to those who still find it unnecessary to take boat or plane to reach something worth seeing a chance to enrich their English travels with a fourth dimension. Good illustration and thorough indexing crown the work.

Dr. Hoskins has not, except for an occasional melancholy reference, touched on what we are doing to our landscape now that we have got it. Mr. Nairn, however, deals exclusively with this. "Outrage" is a reprint, now stoutly bound, of the June issue of the *Architectural Review*, remembered even by those who only read Press references at the time for coining a gruesome word for a gruesome thing: Subtopia—the idealization, and consequent sprawling expansion, of suburbia. It is a fine, angry attack on all the needless visual monstrosities scarring the face of this country, from mammoth gin advertisements and abandoned Army dumps to bogus half-timbering and the false beautifications of "ferocious municipal gardening." Mr. Nairn is so single-minded that his catalogue of stupidity and ugliness is almost too much to take at a sitting, though a certain savage wit does its best to make the agony supportable. It is a tale of horrors. One can only pray that it might be taken to heart by someone with the vision, courage and power to act.

J. B. B.

Surprised by Joy. C. S. Lewis. *Geoffrey Bles*, 15/-

This account of the way by which Professor Lewis came to Christianity begins as straight autobiography and

becomes increasingly philosophical. Its worth as theology must be judged in the context of his other books, but purely as a description of the external and internal influences that formed a mind it is very good.

The picture of an odd upbringing is familiar from the reminiscences of other scholars who have combined an intense delight in a provincial landscape (here it is Ulster) with an apparently confused education, though Professor Lewis does not show all the "points"—the long illness, the period as a private pupil in a rectory, the boss shot at a career, the extra-curricular study in a foreign university, the late entry to Oxford. His wry determination to get everything down that matters gives his boyish excitement over the great Northern myths, his portrait of his eccentric father and his strictures on Malvern, here pointlessly disguised as "Wyvern," some of the individuality of Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*.

R. G. G. P.

Alfred Austin, Victorian. Norton B. Crowell. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 18/-

There is not really very much to say about Austin, and Mr. Crowell shows a certain doggedness to have made a book out of him: he uses various devices, like a twelve-page summary of the Victorian conflict between Religion and Science and a twenty-three-page bibliography that includes a book on war-guilt, published in 1928, and *The Wealth of Nations*. (This, by the way, is worth examination by anybody working on the period. It contains a number of American books and articles on Victorian literature that may have been missed over here.) Austin was an ass and Mr. Crowell has to admit it. He does grapple with the only interesting problem, what made him such a bad poet, but his approach is thorough rather than inspired.

There is a very full collection of quotations from Austin and about Austin and an attempt to relate him to

whatever Mr. Crowell has already read. The chapter on *Punch's* campaign against Austin recalls an Arcadian time when it was apparently possible to write a parody of the same man every week.

R. G. G. P.

Ten Fascinating Women. Elizabeth Jenkins. *Odham's*, 15/-

The retelling of celebrated personalities requires just those original and imaginative interpretations of fact and character which has ever been Miss Jenkins's especial artistry. Not all ten portraits entrance: in fact, only four really stimulate more than casual interest—Elizabeth Tudor, Sarah Churchill, Fair Rosamond, Lady Blesington. Miss Jenkins is particularly brilliant when introducing Royal Personages—Henry VIII, Henry II, Queen Anne and, of course, Elizabeth. Miss Jenkins's predilection for the privileged, so evident in her novels, enables her to flourish magnificently: her all too short character-reading of Henry II is beautifully precise.

When Miss Jenkins describes lesser people such as Martha Ray, Elizabeth Inchbald, Becky Wells and Harriette Wilson, restrained boredom overshadows the luminous surface. Her final choice of Mary Fitton falls flat: can one really be interested in Mary Fitton? Even so, this collection can be most enthusiastically recommended. K. D.

Matto Grosso Adventure. Raymond Maufrais. Translated by Mervyn Savill. *William Kimber*, 16/-

At the age of twenty, Raymond Maufrais—now, alas, missing on his second expedition into the jungle—realized every French boy's dream of adventure by riding across the pampas, sailing down the River of the Dead, and hacking his way into the heart of the Matto Grosso (that *fort vierge* which figures so prominently in the juvenile literature of the country): the objective of the ill-fated mission being to contact the incorrigibly homicidal Chavante Indians (who, being afraid of their own reflection, drink from the river with eyes averted).

A sojourn in a prospector's village more lawless than Dodge City in its heyday; a journey to an even tougher "Diamond Hell" where "the revolver replaced the lawyer"; and fascinating details of insect, piscatorial, and reptilian life: giant anacondas, unforgiving electric eels, shirt-eating ants, and the dreaded tiger-fish, that can bite through steel wire and dispose of crocodiles otherwise harder to kill than Rasputin. Also full accounts of native ritual, tribal dances, and the extraordinarily civilized and sensible Karaja marriage-laws (the husband enacts the agonies of his wife in labour and is afterwards put to bed exhausted, while she carries on immediately with the household duties).

J. M.-R.



AT THE PLAY



The Merry Wives of Windsor
(OLD VIC)

The Sheep Well
(THEATRE ROYAL, STRATFORD)

IF it is true that Queen Elizabeth wanted to see Falstaff in love, it would be fascinating to know how much she was satisfied with a play in which he throws his battered but undeniable code of gallantry to the winds, and runs witlessly after two silly women for their money. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is like the baiting of an old and honoured bear; to enjoy it you must forget the Histories, or boil at Falstaff's humiliation at the hands of a third-rate crew of plotters specially transplanted for the job from Italy. Unrelated to the ancient splendours of the Boar's Head, it can be made very funny. The Old Vic made it so four years ago—funnier than it does now in DOUGLAS SEALE's production.

Although in its speed and use of a curtained inner stage this is admirable, it tries too hard to squeeze out the extra joke, in a kind of caricature of melodrama. One is sorry for Falstaff, and that is right; but the hissing and posturing of RICHARD WORDSWORTH's Ford has the weakness of a burlesque in the wrong place. Admittedly he scores with a huge false moustache which he puts back upside down, to Falstaff's great disquiet; as a trick this is fine, only Mr. SEALE continues to pile on the comic business. It all seemed to go down well with the devoted Vic audience, but I felt that a production that was sound in essence had been unnecessarily blunted.

WENDY HILLER and MARGARET RAWLINGS make less of the wives than I expected, planning Falstaff's undoing as a giggling caper, without the fire of matronly indignation. RACHEL ROBERTS' Mistress Quickly, GERALD CROSS's Shallow and JOB STEWART's Slender remain fair to Shakespeare, but the performance that really makes one glow is DUDLEY JONES' Sir Hugh, a gnome-like and original eccentric whose halting Welsh comes straight from the valleys. He is so good that I was sorry he was robbed of the Latin lesson.

Theatre Workshop's production of LOPE DE VEGA's *The Sheep Well* (*Fuente Ovejuna*) is fortunately less pretentious than the somewhat sweeping statements in its programme that "in accordance with modern theatre practice, National Anthems will only be played in the presence of Royalty." In fact it is simple, and sometimes striking. It uses a bare stage consisting of two sloping planes, tilted towards the audience and meeting in the centre, and backed by a large medieval map of Spain and Portugal. Fully lit, this stage uncomfortably suggests a revised form of skee-ball alley, but it gives JOAN LITTLEWOOD, the producer, opportunities for selective lighting and grouping which emphasize the starkness of the subject; at one moment of terror, for instance, when the villagers are being hunted by their villainous Governor, one easily sees a grim and pitiless hillside.

Written about 1614, the play is one of the seventeen hundred thrown off by the Spanish Shakespeare. It tells the story of a peasant revolt against tyranny, and

is interesting as coming from so tight an autocracy as the Spain of Philip III; though the author was careful to be fairly polite to the King and Queen, whose effigies appear in a box to listen with waxy patience to the complaints of their downtrodden subjects. The first half takes a long time to establish the plight of the peasantry, and their little songs and yokel gossiping are not helped by a clumsy translation; but the second half becomes more dramatic, when the men kill the Governor after he has raped the Mayor's daughter, and the whole village faces interrogation and torture with the reply that it was the whole village which killed him. The simplicity of these scenes is rather stirring; they ring curiously of the modern police state. The acting here stands up uncertainly to the demands of such a bare and stylized production, but there is an excellent performance of quiet authority by HOWARD GOORNEY as the Mayor, and BARBARA BROWN conveys in broad strokes the anguish of his daughter. By itself MAXWELL SHAW's Governor is good, but somehow in terms of the play one expected a grosser character than this polished and attractive young courtier.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Lucky Strike (Apollo—21/9/55) and *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* (New—1/6/55) are amusing comedies, and *The Water Gipsies* (Winter Garden—7/9/55) packs the novel neatly into a musical.

ERIC KEOWN

At the DUKE OF YORK'S:
The Punch Revue, with BINNIE
HALE, produced by VIDA HOPE.

AT THE GALLERY



Rees à La Cave

SIR RICHARD REES, a one-time editor of the *Adelphi*, first publisher of Orwell and Dylan Thomas, has by-passed the gallery and opened his studio, a kitchen in No. 15 Addison Walk, W.14, every Thursday afternoon until December. The generation to which Sir Richard belongs were always ready to act as their own entrepreneurs. They bought small hand-presses, printed their own poems between wrapping-paper covers, opened their own galleries; John Lehmann thought of doing woodcuts for his sister's second novel. This Hogarth Press spirit was raised from the charade level by the fact that much of the material was well worth the light of day.

Sir Richard Rees' idea is a sensible one. We should see more work in the studio, as did any eighteenth-century patron. The present-day gallery director, tugged by hat-shop overheads, is not always the best Pandarus figure. He needs an equivalent of a "popular line"; therefore encouraging a "well-known



Ford—RICHARD WORDSWORTH

[*The Merry Wives of Windsor*
Sir John Falstaff—PAUL ROGERS

genre." Leonardo would have to turn out a beaming series of Mona Lisas. Nor are the art dealer's occasional queasy practices attractive: storing the work of likely painters, waiting for death; loaning canvases, on a 10 per cent commission basis, to London hostesses who regularly entertain acquisitive Americans. Art is now big business. Paintings can help to avoid death duties.

This West Kensington studio with its bare boards, cyclostyled manifesto, the artist himself in coloured shirt and beard, will take many back, perhaps even nostalgically, to their stubble and polo-neck days. It is therefore rather a blow to find academic views of Scotland, Siena, London and so on, painted sincerely but with no recourse to under-painting; and no wish other than to record the beauties of nature. Sir Richard humbly acts as no more than a cipher. They are pension dining-room paintings. Three charming oil sketches less formal than the rest are on view; one of Marchmont under snow. Painted apparently in the face of frost-bite it has all the urgency that minimum attention often so infuriatingly produces with maximum effect. **MARC BOXER**



AT THE PICTURES

Pete Kelly's Blues
My Sister Eileen

THE week included a great deal of entertainment but nothing with pretensions to be more; that makes it easy. I simply pick out the two I found most entertaining.

First, *Pete Kelly's Blues* (Director: JACK WEBB). In outline this is a straight gangster melodrama, with two main kinds of decoration—or if you like, distraction. One is period detail, the period being 1927, in Kansas; the other is jazz—the jazz of 1927, somewhat softened or sweetened in places to suit a modern taste. I have to admit that my being old enough to remember these things myself probably has quite a bit to do with my approval; a younger generation may not be particularly interested in them after the first stare of curiosity. But it's impossible to deny that they are well done, and I think the piece is variously enjoyable apart from the mere bang-bang excitement of the story.

Among its bright attributes is the dialogue, which is studded with smart cracks—obviously enough manufactured and "planted," if you pause to consider, but often very funny. Though the basic story is not funny at all. These were the days of Prohibition, which to be sure can look very amusing; but they were also the days of the gangster who extorted big money for "protection" (i.e., protection from his own gang), and for a considerable part of this story Pete Kelly the band-leader (JACK WEBB himself, the director) has a miserable time of it



Pete Kelly—JACK WEBB

[*Pete Kelly's Blues*]

because he is afraid of Fran McCarg (EDMOND O'BRIEN) and his machine-guns. At the climax, of course, they shoot it out—in a scene that has been given the full treatment: a deserted dance-hall where the mechanical piano and the moving coloured lights have been casually switched on. Thus, it seems, Pete Kelly "regains his self-respect"; the point is that till then he has been a not at all heroic figure, except when playing the trumpet. The heroine too is not exactly heroic: a "society girl" (JANET LEIGH) who falls into fountains when drunk at parties . . .

It may be that all this sounds pretty cheap, but I insist that the picture is full of good things. The period is excellently and amusingly reproduced (the men's dress, for once, is as authentic-looking as the women's), the dialogue is bright, the Technicolor is well handled on the CinemaScope screen, and (for some people, above all) there are what the publicity describes as "38 complete and partial musical numbers."

Candidates for the second part of this article include *Lucy Gallant*, *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, and *My Sister Eileen*. I seem to have enjoyed *My Sister Eileen* (Director: RICHARD QUINE) most of these, though it's an example of that unsatisfactory form the light (and essentially naturalistic) comedy that is interrupted at frequent intervals by a song or a dance or a concerted number in a totally different, not at all naturalistic convention. Each kind of thing is admirably done; it is the fact of the mixture that irritates.

This is the Fields-Chodorov play (filmed before, straight, in 1942) about the two sisters on their own in New York: the pretty one who wants to act and the plain one who wants to write, and their difficulties—an added difficulty for the

plain one being that no man will give her a second glance once he has seen her beautiful sister. This narrative basis, including the Greenwich Village basement which is shaken every so often by blasting for the subway, seems to be much the same as before, and so do most of the characters; the musical items are new. Among them are an acrobatic dance duet which is impressive but goes on a shade too long, several songs, and a climactic conga which (in the manner of musical comedies) ropes in practically everybody in the cast for the final curtain.

The piece is full of talented people: BETTY GARRETT as the plain sister is a good comedienne, JANET LEIGH as the pretty one does well with a very different character from the one she plays in *Pete Kelly's Blues*, and from the others I would single (or double) out ROBERT FOSSE and TOMMY RALL because of that dance.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

With *My Sister Eileen* is a good crime thriller, *The Night Holds Terror*, based on the always effective situation of the gunmen who take possession of an ordinary family's house. *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* has good moments, but it's very uneven. *Lucy Gallant* is a calculated "woman's picture," complete with fashion-show. *French Cancan* (7/9/55) is still the most enjoyable film in London; *Riffi* (13/7/55) continues; and *Blackboard Jungle* (28/9/55) is an absorbing, well-made version of the novel.

Releases include *Geordie* (14/9/55), another entertaining version of a novel; *Cast a Dark Shadow* (21/9/55), a murder melodrama in the *Night Must Fall* tradition; and *Such Men Are Dangerous* (18/5/55), motor-racing in CinemaScope.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Americana

IF the Independent Television Authority has its way on our screens we shall all be Americans by Christmas. In the past Lime Grove has not been noticeably reticent in plagiarizing transatlantic accents and mores, nor has the Light Programme; but the fare being offered by the I.T.A. is so new-worldly that the voices of Christopher Chataway, Tom Driberg or Alan Taylor now sound like un-American activities.

We expected the I.T.A. to borrow ideas, programmes and films from American television. We knew that the advertising agencies would fashion their "spots" on the American plan. What we didn't bargain for was an entire service geared to the American way of life. After a week of commercial TV I have been brain-washed sufficiently ("whiter than white") to confess to a sneaking regard for baseball, chewing-gum, bourbon and tea-bag tea.

Most of the imported films seem to be domestic comedy sketches in which middle-class couples kiss, quarrel, become involved in a ludicrous case of mistaken identity, recover their poise and pyjamas, and kiss. The humour is slick, quick-fire stuff, a mixture of cross-talk *à la* pier, pavilion, and custard-pie clowning of Mack Sennett vintage. You see one episode in the TV lives of "Amos 'n Andy," Lucille Ball (of "I Love Lucy") or the "My Hero" gang, and you have seen the lot. All the same, these shows will certainly prove popular with British viewers, for the B.B.C. has given us nothing like them, nothing played with such immense gusto and split-second timing. By contrast the exploits of "The



TOMMY TRINDER

MICHAEL MILES

HUGHIE GREEN

Grove Family" seem shockingly dull and pedestrian, but then the Groves do not repeat themselves week after week, and are not quickened into something larger than life by dubbed screams of hilarity.

The best of the bunch, so far, is a B.B.C. importation called "I Married Joan," a series featuring a crazy tomboy comedienne, Joan Davis, and all the tricks of the trade. But there are still several hours of the TV day when nothing much happens (time filled in by British stooges) and "I Married Joan" may soon be faced with stiffer American competition.

The biggest disappointment has been the heavily-publicized series "Dragnet," another American bequest dealing in genuine case-histories from the criminal records. Real crime has little of the glamour invoked by the writers of crime thrillers, and these lugubrious reconstructions are unbelievably sordid and tedious. They remind me of the worst films of the early 'thirties, when every

dick wore his trilby indoors and spoke in guttural monotonies about the seventh precinct. "I Am the Law" and "Fabian of Scotland Yard" were dreary enough: "Dragnet" is drearier.

A gentleman in New York recently answered the 64,000 dollar question correctly and cashed in for the first time in the history of American radio. The event was beautifully timed to coincide with the opening of the I.T.A. service and the first of its many "give-away" programmes, and for a few weeks those 64,000 dollars will no doubt replace the £75,000 of pools loot in the day-dreams of the average Englishman. The give-away programmes kicked off with "Take Your Pick," the "Beat the Clock" interlude from "Sunday Night at the London Palladium" and "Double Your Money"—all of them successful if their aim is to make the audience salivate with second-hand greed. In "Take Your Pick" Michael Miles quite obviously enjoyed himself in the rôle of Torquemada and was so excited by the green lights of envy (they came up from the audience like tracer) that he forgot to dispose of his star prize, a gleaming, silent refrigerator. Tommy Trinder, from the Palladium, offered selected competitors the chance of winning a fridge or a motor-cycle and left them no time to get away with either. Then Hughie Green (and a theatre organ) sent his audience off on a £1,000 Treasure Trail.

These "give-away" programmes will probably keep the TV sets tuned to Channel 9, for they appeal to the lowest and commonest denominator of public taste. But the B.B.C. may ask for a revision of its charter in order to preserve fair competition. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DOUGLAS.

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Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y. P.O. 1933. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas 2d.1 Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" 3" Printed Papers—Reduced Rate.

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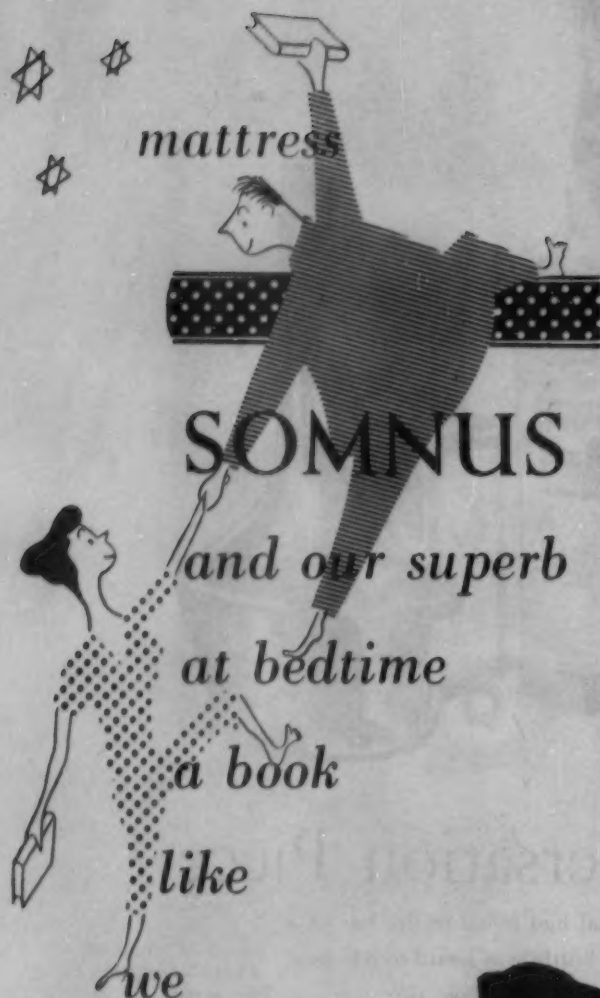
And the White Horse Bottle unhurriedly replied:

"It may very well be so. Maturity? Blending? Bouquet? A softness on the palate? Perhaps you could call it distinction. But who am I to say?"

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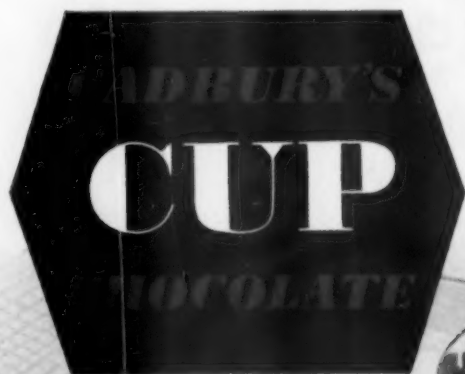
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*This conversation between Sir Compton Mackenzie and Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart was recorded at Sir Compton's Edinburgh home

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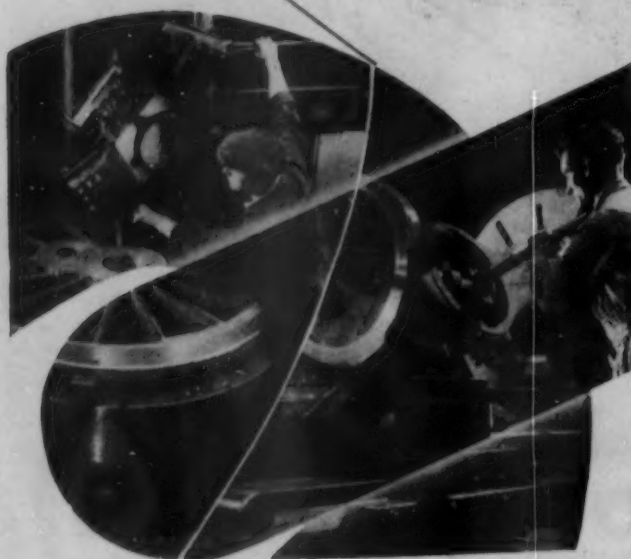
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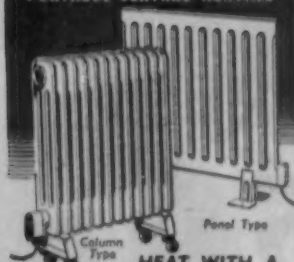
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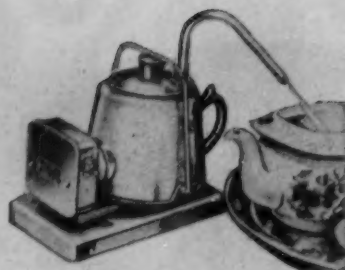


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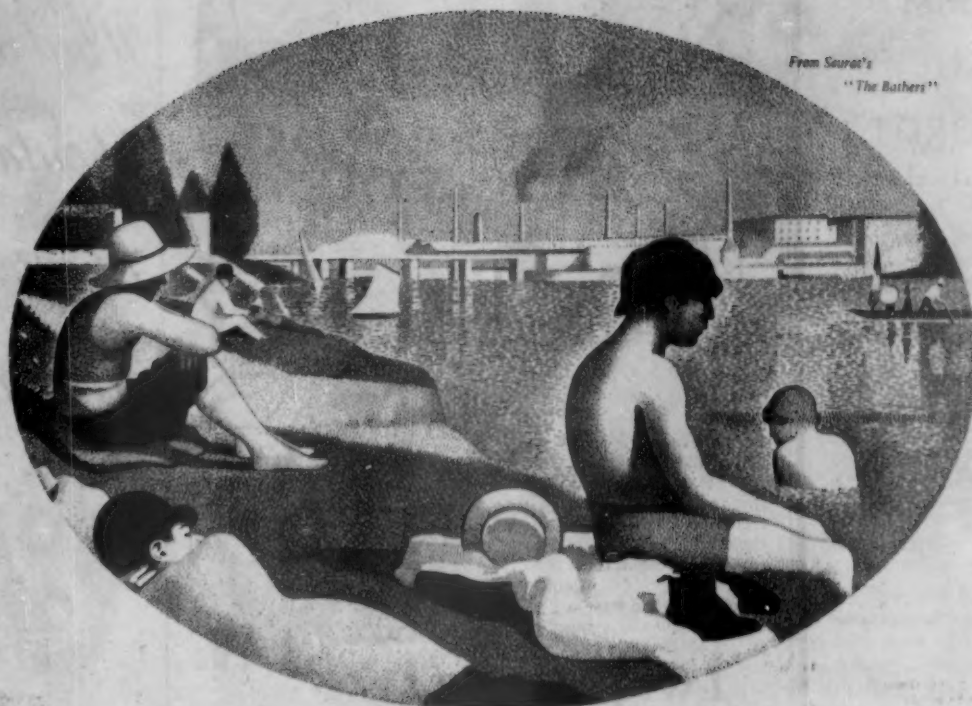


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A man's life too must show such a margin, if it is to be worth living; something that enriches his material day after his work is done. It may be a study or a sport; a language he is learning, a musical instrument he is practising. On a broader scale, a nation builds its picture-galleries and its playhouses; they are there to help it live beyond today's horizon.

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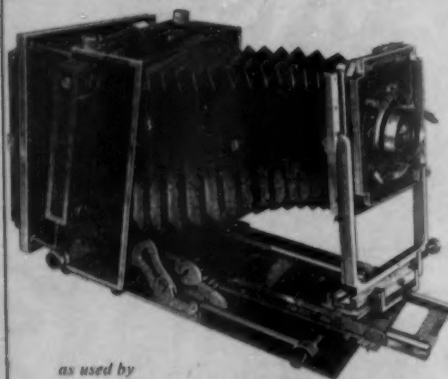
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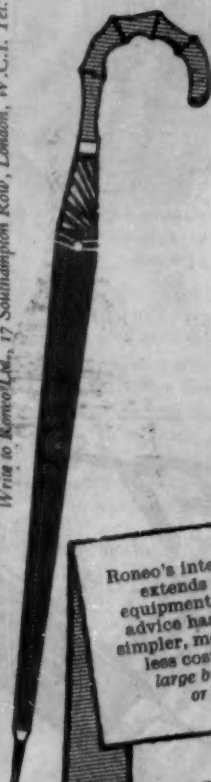
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